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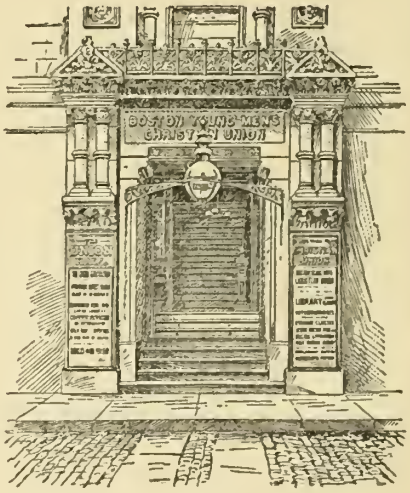

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EDITORIAL.

We take pleasure in placing before the public this book containing many articles of historical value, throwing as they do so many side-lights on the history of West Roxbury and the life of the Rev. Theodore Parker. While portions of some of these articles have appeared before, they are now presented in a more complete form and from different points of view. We believe that all interested, either in the history of the place or the parish, will be glad to have the opportunity to secure copies for themselves and for friends at a distance.

We wish to acknowledge our indebtedness to all who have furnished articles for the Magazine, but especially to the Rev. John H. Applebee for his carefully prepared article on the history of the parish, which was for years almost identical with the community; to the Hon. Frank B. Sanborn for the extract from Theodore Parker's Journal, and for the use of the Journal itself; and to Mrs. Ednah Cheney for her valuable contribution, showing Mr. Parker as the pastor and friend.

We wish, also, to acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. W. O. Witherell for his untiring labors in securing the photographs for many of our illustrations; to Houghton, Mifflin & Co., for the use of the plates of Theodore Parker and John Eliot, and permission to use the poem, "To the Charles;" and to George H. Ellis & Co., for the use of plates and aid in many other ways.

Church of First Parish, West Roxbury, 1773–1890.

THE FIRST PARISH, WEST ROXBURY.

An Historic Sketch.

ON the corner of Centre and Church streets, West Roxbury, there stands a deserted meeting-house. It was a landmark to the traveler as the stage coach rumbled up from Providence and Dedham in the olden time. It is known to all the neighborhood round about, and to many pilgrims from afar who have visited it. It is held in honor for the words that have been spoken, and the deeds that have received their inspiration within its walls. Dismantled now, and scarred by fire, like an old friend whose face is seamed, it is still beautiful to those who know it. No word has been uttered from its pulpit for many years; yet its silence is eloquent. It speaks of memories, strong and heroic, of the olden days, when men gave all and suffered all for civic and religious liberty. Its spire rises gracefully through the trees—a touch of beauty in the landscape. It points not straighter to heaven than did the thoughts of those who built the meeting-house to God.

This was the second meeting-house built by the First Parish of West Roxbury. The life of the parish sinks deep into the Puritan soil, whose harvest is the greatness of New England. Down even beneath the Puritanism of New England to the Puritanism of Old England the life roots sink, that the tree may be strong and healthy. The history of the parish is honorable. It goes hand in hand with the history of the nation's founding. The men who gathered in that dismantled and fire-scarred meeting-house from Sabbath to Sabbath were the men who laid the nation's foundations.

In 1776, a certain Declaration of Independence, of which the world has heard somewhat, was read in the quiet of a summer Sabbath morning from the pulpit. The congregation that listened helped to make that declaration a reality. From the meeting-house steps, through the months that had gone before, could be heard the rumbling of the guns on Roxbury Heights that guarded the "Neck," and kept the British locked up in Boston town. Within half a mile, back of Weld hill, was the very spot selected by Washington as the rallying point in case of compelled retreat. It commanded the road to Dedham, the depot of supplies for the Continental army, then encamped round about Boston. But there were men behind the guns that guarded the "Neck," men who were in earnest; and the guns were served so well that retreat was unnecessary. So well, indeed, were they served that, as all the world knows, one day in March, 1776, the British sailed from Boston never to return. Such was the declaration that the people heard from the pulpit of the meeting-house, and such were some of its heroic results.

Later, from 1837 to 1846, other declarations of independence—the independence of the human reason and conscience, were preached in the meeting-house from Sunday

to Sunday by a young man whose name was Theodore Parker. Then he gave himself to give a race freedom. And in the later days, ere fire had done its work, people were wont to come from afar that they might sit for a few moments in quiet thoughtfulness in the place where he had preached. The old First Parish, West Roxbury, was born in freedom and nurtured in its love.

We must go for its beginnings to the England of the early seventeenth century, to a little English village on the Lee, where John Eliot, William Pyncheon and others whose names are household words to us, declared that they would worship God as their consciences said they ought.

In the early years of the century the struggle for religious freedom had a new awakening in England. The times were pregnant with coming events. Oliver Cromwell and John Hampden were young men yet to be heard from. The "pestilent Puritan," with his stubborn insistance on the rights of the conscience in matters of religion, despite all mandates of priests and kings whatsoever, was abroad in the land. Persecution was the food that gave him strength. "By the power of Church and King," quoth His Grace William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, "you shall worship God only as I and the Church shall dictate." "By the Grace of God," the Puritan replied, "I will worship Him only as He, in my conscience, shall dictate." So the contest waged. It was an unequal one. God within the shadow ever "keepeth watch upon his own." Archbishop and king were brought to the scaffold. The Puritan lives in the nation that he built.

For the time power was with king and archbishop. Persecution entered every village in England, and sought to make good men false to the voice of conscience. The attempt was vain, as it always has been, and always will be. "If we cannot worship God as we will, nay as we must, here; then we will go elsewhere." "The church hath no place to flee to but the wilderness." But God is in the wilderness as well as in the town. Such is the strength and faith that persecution gives. The "Mayflower" sailed, and a nation was born. "God sifted three kingdoms," said one, "that he might send over choice grain into the wilderness."

On the 22d of March, 1630, stout John Winthrop set sail from Southampton in the good ship "Arabella," with a consort of three other vessels. Among his followers was a little group of people from the town of Nazing on the river Lee, twenty miles east of London. They had left the quiet English village, with its ivy covered church, endeared to them by a thousand memories, and at the behest of conscience faced the perils of an unknown world. Under the leadership of William Pyncheon, who was himself to suffer from the narrowness and bigotry of the very men whom he then led (a book of his was publicly burned in Roxbury) they settled in a place remarkable for its curious rock formation. So Rocksborough was founded; and in 1639 it is written that "Boston is a town of very pleasant situation, two miles northeast of Rocksborough," which Rocksborough is said to be "a fine and handsome country town, the inhabitants all being very rich."

The first consideration after landing was the gathering of a church, and the building of a meeting-house. And, to the honor of Roxbury be it said, almost the next consideration was the founding of a public school. For a time the settlers made their

way to the meeting-house in Dorchester, where a church was already gathered. But in 1632 the First Church in Roxbury was established, with Thomas Weld as minister. John Eliot, apostle to the Indians, of gracious and honored memory, had told his friends in Nazing that, if they wished, he would be their minister when he arrived in the new world. So in 1632 he was ordained as "teacher" of the church in Roxbury. This is the mother church, out of which the Second Church of Christ in Roxbury, afterwards the First Parish, West Roxbury, sprang. These are the roots, deep down in the Puritan soil, that gave it life.

As time went on settlers came in fast. Persecution was driving the best life of the old world to the new. They were farmer folk for the most part, plain, simple, God-fearing. They came into the wilderness that they might find God and worship Him. They had not learned all the lesson of religious liberty; but they had spelled out the first few words, and the rest was to come. Hither and thither they scattered, and set themselves, with sturdy self-reliance, to the work of building homes. They redeemed the rock-ribbed land by their toil; and all unknown to themselves they were redeeming an evil time. History delights to linger about these rude Puritan farm homes. They were the foundation stones upon which her most beautiful temple has been built.

The exodus from the old world continued. The bounds of "Rocksborough" were extended more and more, especially toward the west, "Jamaica End," or "Spring Street," whence went wandering on the trail to Dedham, afterwards known as Centre Street, laid out in 1663, and called the Dedham Road or Highway. The outlying farms became further and further from the meeting-house, the centre of the town's life. The Puritan's thought was centered in the meeting-house. To be shut out from it was to be shut out from all. But the roads were bad, scarcely, indeed, to be called roads at all. In the winter they were often impassable even to his religious enthusiasm. A Sabbath without the two or three hours' sermon, the prayer frequently an hour long, the "deaconed" psalm, was not a Sabbath at all for him. This was the meat that sustained his life. It was for this that he had braved the perils and discomforts of the wilderness. The Sabbath day service in the meeting-house was very heaven for him. The "lining" of the psalm (sometimes it took a full half hour and more to go through one) would be unbearably monotonous to us. It was the bread of life to him. We are told that whenever a Puritan, even in the road or the field, heard the distant sound of a psalm tune, he removed his hat and bowed his head in prayer. God was very near to these men, albeit their thought of Him was stern.

To such men to lose the services on the Sabbath day was not to be thought upon. And if sometimes when the roads were deep in snow, and the February winds blew cold, even they were tempted to remain at home by the warm fireside, there was the tything man to be reckoned with on the morrow. Pastor Eliot was known to be firm in his insistance on the due performance of religious duty. And there, close by the back of the meeting-house, were the pillory and stocks, stern sentinels to keep men to their duty. "At the call of drum and shell" then, the people gathered upon the Sabbath

morning—the "Godly" because they loved to do so; the ungodly, if such they were, because they needs must. To most it was the very joy of life.

"New England's Sabbath Day
Is heaven-like, still and pure,
When Israel walks the way,
Up to the temple door.
The time we tell
When thereto come
By beat of drum,
Or sounding shell."

Quoted in Dr. James De Normandie's "History of the First Parish in Roxbury."

But many were beyond the reach of "beat of drum or sounding shell," with miles of impassable roads between. At a time when men frequently lost their lives in going from Roxbury to Boston by the "Neck," this was a serious matter. At last the difficulty became so great for those settlers at the west end of Roxbury towards Dedham, afterwards to be West Roxbury, that in 1706 Joseph Weld and some forty-four others petitioned the General Court to be made into a separate precinct, to be freed from taxes to the old Roxbury Parish, and for aid in building a meeting-house. The Great and General Court, in its wisdom, seems to have paid no attention to this prayer. Whereupon Joseph Weld and the forty-four others, sturdy New Englanders all, children of Old Englanders, the spirit of independence born into their bones and blood, got themselves together, formed a congregation, and, undoubtedly with their own hands, proceeded to build themselves a meeting-house. This done, in April, 1711, they sent "a humble address to their fathers and elder brothers in town meeting assembled, with a sincere design to give Christian satisfaction for any wrong, disorderly steps in our late proceedings—for we humbly acknowledge it to be offensive for us to presume so precipitately and rashly to enterprise and prosecute such an important affair without the consent of the General Court, the approbation of our reverend and dear pastor, and the concurrence of our ancient and honorable mother, the church, and the town assembly." All this, though most humble and contrite, was perhaps a trifle tardy, since the thing was already done. Obviously enough, the only way to deal with such humble sons and younger brothers was to grant their request. This the General Court did. The West End of Roxbury was made a separate precinct, with jurisdiction over its own local affairs; and the Second Church of Christ in Roxbury was born. It was a feeble infant then. There are but eighteen names on the original covenant; but they were the names of men who were strongly in earnest.

We know very little about the beginnings of the church. The records are of the scantiest. Men seldom realize that the thing they are doing today will be of interest to the world tomorrow. Each smallest incident of those heroic times and men is significant. The history of America is the history of its common homes, the town meeting, the Sabbath day worship. The New England town was a republic in itself. The precinct meeting was the kindergarten of liberty.

We would fain know these men in their daily lives, follow them to the plowing, the reaping, and the gathering in of the harvest. From earliest times the people of

Theodore Parker Church.

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Roxbury were noted for their industry and thrift. "In the room of dismal swamps, they have goodly fruit trees, beautiful fields and gardens, a herd of cows, oxen, and other young cattle of that kind, about 350." We would go with them into the precinct meeting at the meeting-house yonder; and again on Sunday along the well beaten path to the morning service. They are plain folk in home-spun clothes, made trim and neat in honor of the Sabbath day. The father and mother walk in honest pride, with the demure lasses and sturdy lads by their side. Perchance there is something more than the sermon and psalm for these lads and lasses in this coming together on the Sabbath day. They bow with becoming reverence at the kindly greeting of the good old pastor and friend, whose very presence is a benediction. Soon the sound of the psalm as it is "deaconed" floats through the window, to the answering droning of the bee. The sermon over, the people flock out to spend the time between services at a neighboring house, or the tavern, to exchange the gossip of the day; and in the "times that tried men's souls," to speak with bated breath of the latest news from friends and neighbors with Washington in New Jersey; and to speculate for the thousandth time upon the outcome of it all. Then, the services of the day at last over, there was the walk homeward in the evening time as the shadows darkened, the hearty "good nights" as each turns off to his home; and at last the quiet falling of the night upon meeting-house and farm.

What meetings were held before the final separation from the mother church; what fasting and prayer and supplication for the guidance of God in this "so important an affair," we know not. "This church was gathered by the Rev. Nehemiah Walter, Nov. 2, 1712." Such is the simple statement of the oldest record book extant. And this is all we really know of the matter. This Nehemiah Walter, who gathered the church, was the colleague and successor of the Apostle Eliot as minister of the First Parish. He was a distinguished scholar and preacher, regarded by Dr. Chauncy "as one of the most brilliant of Americans." So the separation, when it did come, was with the love and good wishes of the parent church; and its "reverend and dear pastor" himself gathered the little flock together. With grief on both sides, perhaps, was it done. The parting of the ways is never without pain.

There was undoubtedly a "church raising" when the meeting-house was built on the road to Dedham, which later was to be named for one of the pastors of the church. It was the kindly custom of the time for the neighbors to come together when two young folks founded a home, or new settlers came into the community, and "raise" a house for them with much fun and merry-making. So when this home of God's was to be built, we may be sure the good folk came from far and near, and with their own hands laid its sills, and reared its walls and sturdy beams. Made light by cheerful word and friendly chat, the work went on apace; and, if we may believe the records of the time, huge quantities of ale and stronger things were quaffed that the spirits of the workmen should not flag. The meeting-house thus raised with sound of laughter and good cheer was, without doubt, rude enough, built perhaps of rough hewn logs. But it was their own Liberty, and God was there. Not a vestige of it remains, save only a grave or two in the old cemetery that marks the spot, and some of the timbers that were used in the building now standing at Central. The meeting-house is gone. The purpose that built it lives.

The building done, straightway the little group of people drew up a covenant that should bind them to each other and to God. It is not so much a creed as a statement of earnest purpose, and a prayer for help that that purpose might not fail. It appears in the records in the neat handwriting of the first pastor of the church, the Rev. Ebenezer Thayer. Without doubt he was its author. This, the oldest record book we have, was furnished by Mr. Thayer, we are told on the fly leaf, "for the use of ye Church at ye west end of Roxbury." It is yellow and worn with age; but the ink is clear. It is fast wearing out; its parchment covers are discolored; the edges of its leaves are frayed; but its yellow pages are aglow with the spirit that never dies — the spirit that led these simple folk across the deep into the unknown land — the spirit that was to reappear in the declaration of 1776, the preaching of 1837-46, the deeds of 1864. With this spirit of religious purpose the covenant then adopted is instinct. Its words are these:

"We whose names are hereunto subscribed, apprehending ourselves called of God to join together in church communion (acknowledging ourselves unworthy of such a privilege, and our inability to keep covenant with God, or to perform any spiritual duty unless Christ shall enable us thereto). In humble dependence on free grace for divine assistance and acceptance, we do, in ye name of Christ our Lord, freely covenant and bind ourselves solemnly in ye presence of God himself, His holy angels, and all His servants here present, to serve ye God whose name alone is Jehovah, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, ye only true and living God; cleaving to him as our chief good, and unto our Lord Jesus Christ as our only Saviour, Prophet, Priest, and King of our souls, in a way of gospel obedience; avouching the Lord to be our God, and the God of our children which we give unto Him; counting it as a high favor that ye Lord will accept of us, and our children with us to be His people. We do also give ourselves one to another in ye Lord, covenanting to walk together as a church of Christ in all the ways of His worship, according to the rules of His Holy Word. Promising in brotherly love faithfully to watch over one another's souls, and to submit ourselves to ye discipline and power of Christ in His church; and duly to attend the seals and censures, or whatever ordinances Christ has commanded to be observed by His people, so far as ye Lord by His Word and Spirit hath or shall reveal unto us to be our duty. Beseeching the Lord to own us for His people, and to delight to dwell in the midst of us.

"And that we may keep our covenant with God, we desire to deny ourselves, and to depend wholly on the free mercy of God, and upon the merits of Jesus Christ, and whenever we shall fail, to wait on Him for pardon in His name. Beseeching ye Lord to own us as a church of Christ, and to delight to abide in the midst of us. Amen."

Ebenezer Thayer,	Joseph Lyon,	Ichabod Davis,
Nathanael Holmes,	John Whitney,	Jonathan Curtis,
John Weld,	Joseph Griffin,	Isaac Bowen,
Thomas Mory,	John Griggs,	Ephraim Bacon,
Thomas Lyon,	Isaac Newell,	Jeremiah Richards,
Samuel Lyon,	Peter Hanchat,	Samuel Davis.

If ever men knew what a church should be, surely these men knew it. There is no narrowness of dogma here; no spirit of exclusion. The light of God's truth may flow through this covenant, and make it only the brighter. It breathes the spirit of true Christianity. It is the trumpet call to do the will of God. "All ye who believe in God and his righteousness, and would make these things real in this west end of Roxbury, called Spring Street," it seems to say, "come join with us that together we may do it." It is little wonder that the church that was founded on this rock should listen with joy to the strong words of the 19th century prophet of righteousness. It was but the fulfilling of the promise of its birth.

The names of these signers of the covenant are familiar to our ears. Many of them reappear in the records as deacons in the church, as holding honorable office in the precinct. They are held in honor by their descendants. Yet their names are only names for us today, though "their works live after them." The place of its signing we know not. It may have been one of the farm houses across the field yonder, or it may have been the meeting-house itself, so rude as scarcely to be distinguished from the barns about. Wherever it was the scene is significant; and the spot where these few men, "the winnowed wheat of the olden world," bound themselves in a covenant of love and fellowship to worship God together and do his will, is hallowed ground.

The building erected, the covenant signed, on January 25, 1713, was "The first time ye Lord's supper was served here." There was no pomp of ritual, no plate, no carved communion table, no sounds of organ or of anthem — only a few men and women, gathered in the chill bleakness of a January day, in a rude meeting-house that scarce kept out the weather, about a ruder table, with their friend and pastor, that the Lord's supper might be shared among them. The scene is simple, rude, sublime. It is impressive from its very simplicity, and a certain sternness that lingers about it, as we think of the character of the time and people. It is pregnant with hope for the future. In it is the essence of the nation's life. It was in the meeting-house, with its worship on Sunday whereby God was brought very near to the affairs of men, and its gathering of free men on the week day to regulate the affairs of the precinct and the town that the principals of a sane democracy were evolved.

Thus was the covenant sealed in the breaking of bread; and on February 15th following, "Baptism was administered to Samuel, son of Samuel Lyon, and Elizabeth his wife." Well might the little Samuel shrink from the contact of the icy water on that chill February day. It was no uncommon thing for the water in the font to be solidly frozen over at the time of baptism. Surely our ancestors were made of sturdier stuff than we to survive such treatment as this. But survive they did; and to some good purpose. With communion, and the bringing of a little child to God, the life of the church began.

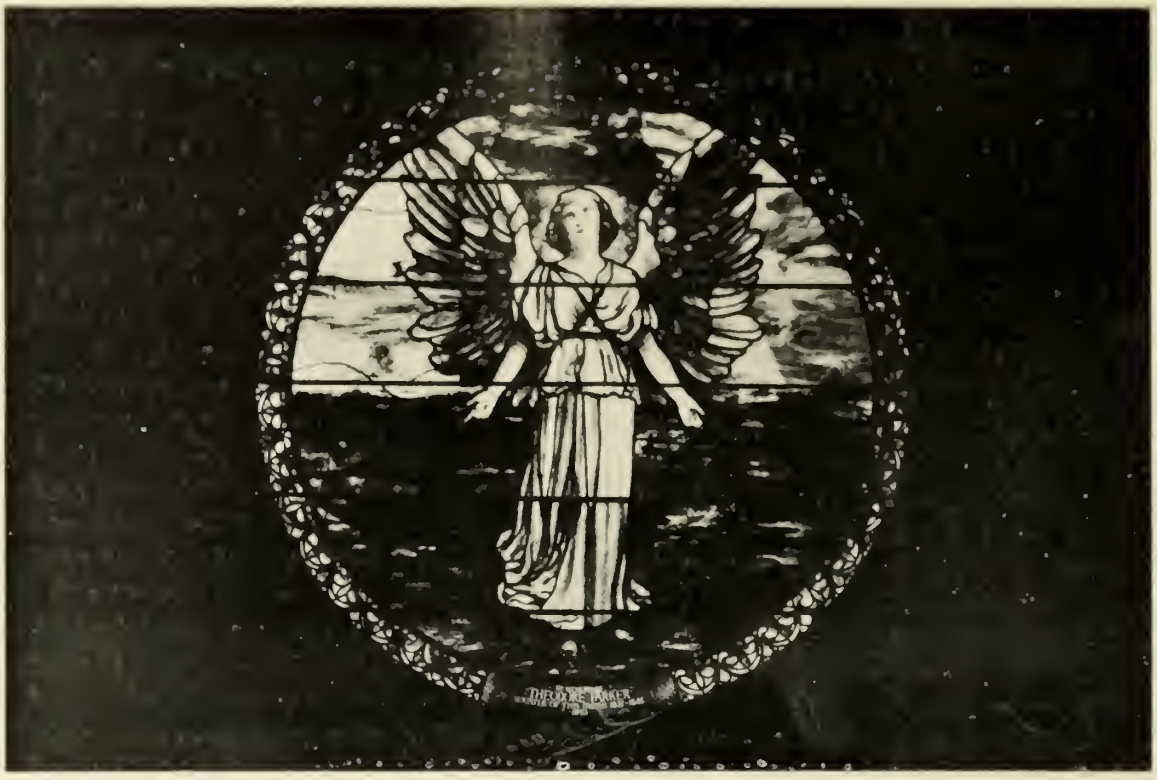
In the mean time the little group thus forming "The Second Church of Christ in Roxbury," had selected for its pastor the Rev. Ebenezer Thayer; and the good man was ordained on November 26, 1712.

There is no record left of the meeting when this first "call" was extended; but it was no doubt a time "set aside for fasting and prayer" that the guidance of God might be secured in this most important matter. Neither do we know anything about the ordination service of this first pastor. He began his ministry quietly, and continued it so to the end. Only once in the records do we catch a real glimpse of him. That one glimpse reveals a pious and a God-fearing man. The records of the time are in his handwriting. It is neatness and preciseness itself. Perhaps this, too, reveals something of the man. If so, I doubt not that things were done decently and in order during the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Thayer.

From this point on the records of the beginnings of the life of the parish are very scant, as indeed they are of all its life. We learn that on August 9, 1713, "Elizabeth Lyon, wife of ——— Lyon, owned the covenant in order to the obtaining of baptism for herself and child, which ordinance was then administered unto her." Many "owned the covenant." Indeed, the records for a time contained but little else, save the marriages, baptisms and deaths,—glimpses of the daily life of the people, with its joy and pathos. From a record in 1723 it would seem that the clause of the covenant whereby we promise "in brotherly love faithfully to watch over one another's souls, and to submit ourselves to ye discipline and power of Christ in His Church" was literally interpreted. For on September 24 of that year one Isaac Bowen, "Having in several respects given great offence to the church, and obstinately refusing to make the satisfaction the brethren insisted upon, though strongly urged thereto, was, after two months waiting upon him, this day suspended from their communion, till he give a Christian satisfaction for his miscarriage, pursuant to their own vote." This is the last we hear of the matter. It is to be feared that Isaac Bowen proved obstinate to the end. If so, he must have been a marked man. To be suspended from the communion of the church was no light matter in those days. It meant social ostracism for the victim,—the standing in the pillory of public contempt. Only very strong natures, or very obstinate natures, could endure that. We do not know wherein Isaac had "given great offence to the church," whether in doctrine or in conduct. We can see the pastor pleading with the obstinate man during these two months; and then more in sorrow than in anger, thrusting him from the church communion. Doubtless the good man's conscience justified the deed. But we will not judge the victim unheard. Another obstinate man whose name was Roger Williams, was once expelled from the colonial church in a very similar manner; and of obstinacy such as his the world can scarcely have too much.

So the quiet years of the parish life glide by. There is little left to tell of them —only here and there a slight suggestion. Imagination must fill in the rest and picture the quiet homely lives of these simple folk.

In 1721 it is recorded that Mr. Thomas Bishop presented to the church a silver cup. There is no record more, save of marriage, and baptism, and death, till 1730. Mr. Thayer had served the parish then for eighteen years. It was not a long time as pastorates were in those days; but long enough for much of love to have grown between him and his little flock. The old relation of pastor and people was very



Memorial Window.

Communion Service.

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tender, and very close. The minister kept a watchful eye upon the welfare of his people. In times of joy he was there with cheery word; and in times of grief with sympathy and consolation. If need were, he spared not stern rebuke. He was the friend and pastor of the community — respected, loved, obeyed. So was it, we may well believe, with pastor Thayer. Eighteen years had come and gone since he was ordained in the meeting-house just built. The little Samuel Lyons whom he baptized on that chill February day is now a sturdy youth of seventeen summers.

The pastor has watched him grow; and rejoiced with his father and mother in his strength and promise. He has served the parish well; and when, in 1730, he was stricken with sickness, the hearts of the people went out in answering love. "This day was set apart by our people for solemn supplication and prayer on account of threatening maladies I am and long have been visited with. Mr. Webb of Boston began in ye morning with prayer. Mr. Walker preached from Psalms 34-12. Mr. Cotton concluded. P. M.—Mr. Sewell began with prayer; Mr. Foxcroft preached from Psalms 102-24; Mr. Abbot concluded with prayer. The Lord give an answer of peace to the prayers of his children." Such is the record of March 13th, 1730. The entry is pathetic. Though the end was not yet, the good man's days were numbered. The prayers and fasting of pastor and people were in vain. "On this day baptism was administered by Mr. Walter to Hannah, daughter of John and Hannah Chamberlain, I being confined by sickness." Henceforth the neat handwriting appears no more — a silent witness, but enough. The sickness crept on; and on the fly leaf of the book it is recorded that, "Mr. Thayer died March 6th, 1733."

Upon his death, the parish seems to have passed through a somewhat protracted period of "candidating," as we should say now-a-days. Whether the church or the candidate suffers most at such times has never been quite determined. Be that as it may, the patience of the parish was at last exhausted, and on December 12, 1733, the people wisely and unanimously voted, "To choose a minister without hearing any other than those already heard. This choice to be on the 2d day of January. This day appointed a day of fasting and prayer for the guidance of God." It was also voted at this meeting that "there be four pews erected, one on the men's side, and one on the women's; the charges to be borne by the persons who shall be allowed the said pews." From entries such as these we get glimpses of the customs of the time. They are flashes, showing us for an instant the life in and about the meeting-house. The simple folk in their homespun clothes are gathered on the Sabbath day. The scene is very like the simple synagogue service in ancient Galilee. The men — old men honored and respected in the community, the young men who are yet to make a name for themselves in the stirring times that are to come — are on one side; the women and girls and little children on the other. The boys were usually in the gallery, when there was a gallery, under the charge of the "tything man," stern representative of the law, and custom which is stronger than law — or of a special committee appointed, as in the case of our own parish, from year to year at precinct meeting, "to take care of ye boys, and to prevent their playing or making any disturbance in ye meeting-house." Boys were boys then as now. They were a sore trial to the good man as the sand flowed slowly through the glass at "sermon time." How they watched

the last disappearing grains as the long hour dragged to its weary end. It is to be feared, or rejoiced in, that the Calvinistic theology of the pulpit appealed to them but little. Yet somehow the gist of the sermons got into the very bones of the boys, and came out in their deeds. He who had the good fortune to be a boy in 1773 in the west end of Roxbury was to do great things when he came to man's estate. Whatever may be said of the theology of the preaching that our great-grandfathers heard, its *religion* was in the souls of the men who assembled at Lexington green, and stood behind the earth works on Bunker Hill.

The day set aside for prayer and fasting that the guidance of God might be had in the important matter of calling a pastor at last arrived. The good people gathered together. A vote was taken, at first by church and then by church and congregation. The result was a unanimous call to the Rev. Nathaniel Walter. He was the son of the Rev. Nehemiah Walter, who gathered the church together, and of Sara, daughter of Increase Mather. He is to serve the parish with honor and love for forty-two years. It is for him that Walter Street, whereon the meeting-house stood, was named.

"Voted to raise on polls and estates within the precinct for the settlement of Nathaniel Walter among us as our gospel minister, 300 pounds, one-half to be paid twelve months after his ordination, one-half within the space of two years next following. Voted, that there be raised on polls and estates within this precinct, by way of rate, 100 pounds per annum, and paid by contributions, and marked by persons so contributing, and it be applied towards the Rev. Mr. Walter's support; and if the contributions of marked and unmarked does not amount to 140 pounds per annum, in which case it is agreed and voted that another rate be levied on the inhabitants of this precinct to complete and make up the sum of 140 pounds per annum, which is hereby freely voted to the Rev. Mr. Walter for yearly maintenance and support. Voted, that the Rev. Mr. Walter shall have a sufficient quantity of firewood supplied him by the precinct, as also the improvement of the land, being about five acres, which belongs to this society, during the time of his continuing as minister."

So Mr. Walter was called at what must have been in those days a fairly comfortable salary. But the value of money was uncertain. Was this one hundred and forty pounds to be reckoned in Province bills or in specie? A matter that New England thrift and foresight could scarcely leave undetermined.

At a precinct meeting it is recorded that, "For the explanation of the vote for our Rev. Minister's annual support of 140 pounds per annum, it is voted that the true portent and meaning thereof was, and is to be understood, the value of so many ounces at a rate of 22 shillings per ounce as the 140 pounds in Province bills will now purchase; and if the bills increase or decrease in their value, then so much of the yearly currency of the Province as shall be in value equal to 123 ounces and 1-3 ounces of silver. Unanimously voted."

At this same meeting, held as all precinct meetings were, in the meeting-house, for church and state were one, the question of "The east bounds of this precinct," for many years a bone of contention between the east and the west precincts of Roxbury, was first broached.

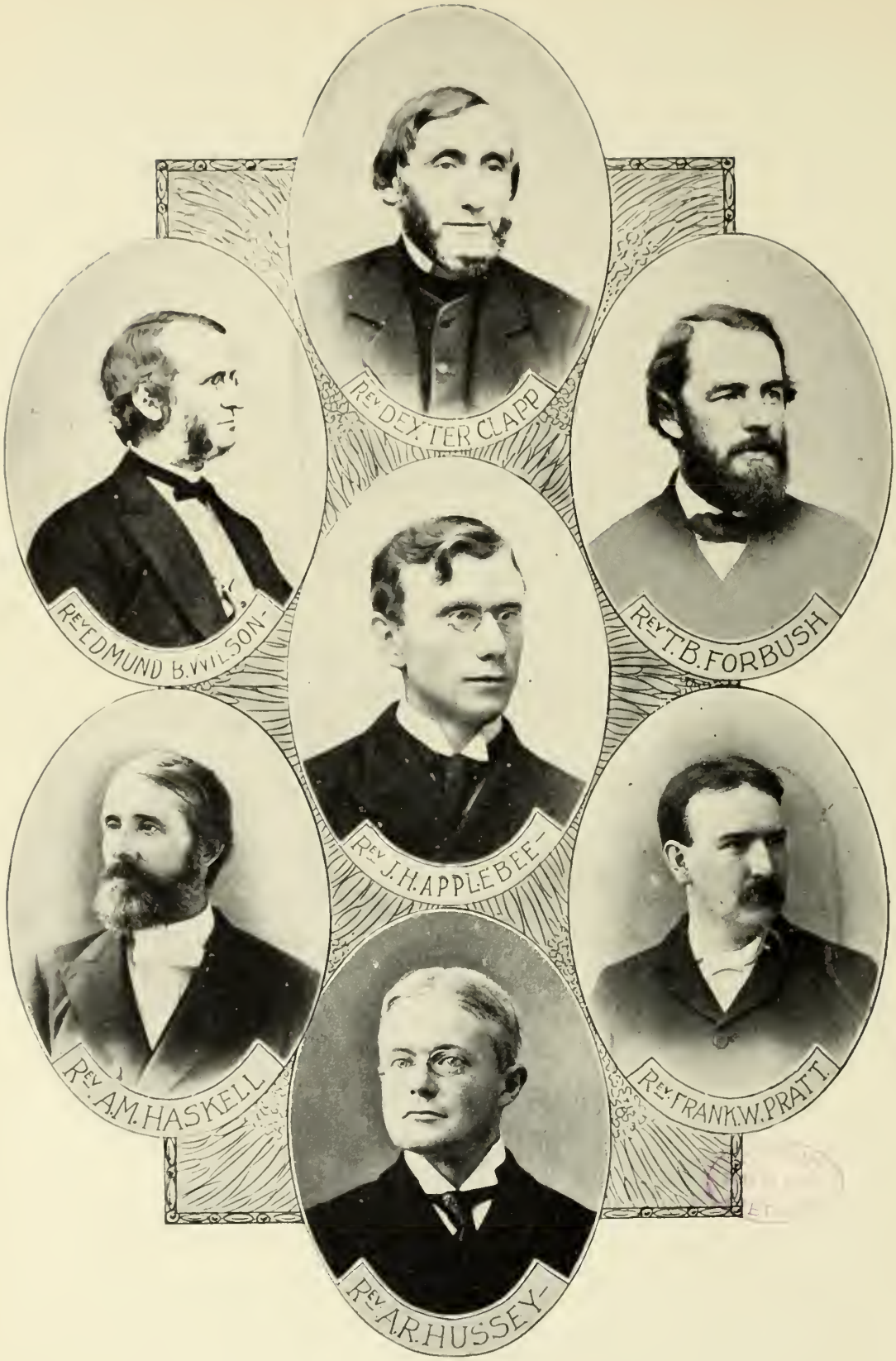
The Spring time passed; the Summer came, and with it the ordination of Mr. Walter, called on that January day set aside for fasting and prayer for the guidance of God. The fasting now gave place to feasting. The ordination of a minister was an event in the life of the community. From far and near the people came as to a festival. Though a time of solemnity, it was none the less a time of fellowship and good cheer. Indeed, if we may believe the tavern bills and other records, the conviviality of the occasion might well have softened the sternest Puritan countenance. The learned council, having assembled and examined the applicant, determined that he was sound in doctrine, and worthy to be the shepherd of the flock, were wont then to adjourn to the tavern for lunch; thence to the meeting-house, where services of ordination of inordinate length were held; thence once more to the tavern, where the resources of mine host were taxed to the utmost to provide a dinner that should do justice to so great an occasion. Such being the usual order of proceeding, wherein our own parish was by no means backward, it is no small wonder that at a precinct meeting held on July 10th to arrange for the ordination of the Rev. Mr. Walter, it was thought necessary "to raise 30 pounds by way of rate to defray the charges of said ordination on this precinct, and that a contribution be made toward the same, every person marking his money, and having credit therefor in this rate." Neither is it surprising that this amount was afterwards increased to 45 pounds. At this same meeting a rate of 10 pounds was voted, "for to anchor ye meeting-house." Forty-five pounds, well nigh a third of "our reverend pastor's" annual salary, for the festivities of the ordination; and only ten pounds "for to anchor ye meeting-house." Verily our forefathers were human after all!

The ordination and installation over the parish sinks back into the even tenor of its unrecorded life. The only untoward thing was "the unhappy dispute between the two precincts concerning the division line," a dispute which drags its weary length through many pages of the records, and was taken to the General Court itself, ere it was finally adjusted. For the rest, there is little told, though perhaps much that might have been told. What is unwritten shows — albeit unconsciously — tragedy and comedy jostling each other as always in life. Marriage, baptism, death, confession of sin, all are jumbled together in the records. The babe was brought to the meeting-house, and the mother's heart beat with pride in her little one then as now. Young men and maidens wandered together beneath the trees between the Sabbath day services, as young men and maidens do today. There in the meeting-house their troth was plighted; and here in faded ink is the record of it all. They became grandfathers and grandmothers, and in their turn were laid to rest from the meeting-house. Now and again there was one who walked alone upon the Sabbath day; while the neighbors wondered and whispered as he passed by. And then in the broad aisle in the silent presence of friends and neighbors, with bowed head he confessed his sin, and "was restored to favor." There was a touch of heroism in that. Here came rich and poor, master and servant, black and white, to be baptized and "own ye covenant." Today it is recorded that "Cuffee, and Cæsar, and Phillis, negro servants, are baptized," and tomorrow, "Paul, son of ye Honorable William Dudley and Madam Elizabeth, his wife," with a special flourish of the pen at the "Honorable" and "Madam." There was a certain closeness and simplicity of fellowship among the people that is very pleasant to think upon. Each one knew

his neighbor, and his neighbor's business — perhaps a little better than his own. It was, withal, a prosperous community, though not rich. Thrift and honest industry brought its reward of comfort. "Honorables" and "Madams" were rare enough to be worthy of a special flourish on the record books, as we have seen. Now and again one, through sickness, or old age, or what not, fell backward in the race. Then there were always stretched out hands ready to help him on. The people in Precinct Meeting assembled took into consideration his case, and if the cause were just, he was released from his financial obligations to the Precinct. But Yankee thrift and prudence were here, as well as Yankee generosity. The cause must be sufficient. There must be no drones in the hive. Each must contribute as he is able to the support of meeting-house, pastor and town. In the March meeting of 1736, several requests "being read, it was put to vote, and unanimously passed in the negative," save one, "who, under consideration of his low and sorrowful circumstances, was voted to be excused from paying his rates therein mentioned, after which the other petitioners were put to vote as to their rates distinctly, and each of the votes passed in the negative, and that they ought not to be rebated." The matter was carried to the General Court, and the next year a committee is appointed, "to make answer to the General Court why the petition may not be granted." Every now and again there are appropriations to help some neighbor who has met grevious loss by fire or other calamity, or some neighboring parish to rebuild its meeting-house, recently destroyed by fire." It was a time of kind-hearted fellowship.

All sorts of business was transacted at the "Precinct Meetings in the West End of Roxbury, Regularly Assembled." With every recurring March, sums are appropriated for paying the minister's salary, for precinct expenses, repairing and caring for the meeting-house, mending glass, and "fetching firewood for our reverend pastor." Small things, some of them, to be so gravely discussed and carefully recorded. Yet it was by them that these men were being nurtured into the habit of freedom, and of interest in civic affairs. The inhabitants of the "West Precinct of Roxbury" were as quick to resent any interference with their precinct rights as the colonies earlier and later were to resent interference with their larger rights. The spirit of freedom was born and bred into very flesh and bone of men in the meeting-house. Whether it was the "new clapboarding of ye meeting-house," or the issuing of a Declaration of Independence, it was the people in "Meeting regularly assembled," who did it.

This very question of "new clap-boarding the meeting-house" soon came up for definite action. Evidently the building erected some twenty-five years ago on the road to Dedham, was sorely in need of repair. But this matter, as all others, must be referred to the people; and the people are sometimes slow to act. From September 16, 1740, when a committee was appointed "to agree with workmen for the new clapboarding of the front and east ends of the meeting-house, to see what the addition of eleven feet to the east end of the house, and the removal so far back of the women's gallery, etc., and altering the windows and making sashes of them," till March, 1742, the matter was discussed pro and con. On the latter date it was voted "that the meeting-house be enlarged as proposed."


Rev. DEXTER CLAPP
Rev. EDMUND B. WILSON
Rev. T. B. FORBUSH
Rev. J. H. APPLEBEE
Rev. A. M. HASKELL
Rev. FRANK W. PRATT
Rev. A. R. HUSSEY

The records show the life of the parish within itself, the calling and settling of its pastors, the repairing of the meeting-house, the "seating of the meeting-house," the building of pews, the "mending glass," and the like. There is no hint of the great things that are happening outside. Just as, later on, there is no hint in the parish records of the change of thought that led so many of these ancient parishes of New England into the Unitarian position—that prepared them for the preaching of Channing, and Emerson, and Parker. Yet the records now and again reflect the doings of the greater world, perhaps despite themselves. The pulse of the nation's life beats through the parish life. In 1748, "our reverend pastor's salary" is raised at a bound to five hundred pounds, "on account of the great rise in the necessaries of life." From time to time he is granted special contributions, "on account of the high price of corn and other necessaries of life." In 1651, the salary dropped with equal suddenness, to £60, 13s, 4d. A volume of New England thrift is written in that thirteen shillings and four pence. The money question is an old one. We shall hear more of this sudden shrinkage in the value of currency in the time of the "Continental." Thus the life of the parish reflects the larger life of the nation.

All this time the community was growing. The farms were spreading further and further from the meeting-house. History was repeating itself. Again it was almost impossible for those on the outskirts to attend on the Sabbath day. So it came about that, even as in the olden time the people at the west end of Roxbury had separated themselves from the mother church, and built a meeting-house of their own, in 1769, the people at "Jamaica End," being far from the meeting-house on Walter Street, withdrew from the Second Church of Christ in Roxbury, and, under the leadership of Benjamin Pemberton and others, organized the Third Church of Christ in Roxbury, now known as the First Congregational Society of Jamaica Plain. This was the first child of the parish.

The separation was made in peace and good will, which for a moment, however, was threatened. Little by little the church plate had been increasing. In 1721, Thomas Bishop presented a silver cup. In 1732, "Madam Thayer made ye church a present of a silver tankard." In 1761, "ye church voted a silver tankard be purchased out of ye church stock." In the same year, Samuel Griffin and Benjamin Payson, and in 1762 Mrs. Sara Scarbrough, each presented a tankard. The child thought that it should share the good things in its mother's house. A letter from the Third Church was read in 1774, petitioning that it be granted part of the church plate.

"The committee humbly showed that the churches were lately one single church in the fellowship of the Gospel, and as members equally entitled to the church plate. When the church divided it was not in rancor or schism, but in love, and by the unanimous consent of both parties still retaining the liberty at all times thereafter to sit down in communion and commemorate with each other at the Lord's Table as the occasion may require. We further observe that a number of tankards and a cup were given by persons whose descendants now congregate with those of the Third Church, who cannot conveniently be advantaged by the plate where it now is. The above reason, not submitting any other, with brotherly love, we submit to your kind inspection, not doubting your kind acceptance and brotherly as well as kindly determination of the same."

"After the letter was read it was talked upon," says the reverend pastor, "and I put it to vote whether it was the mind of the church that the Third Church in this place have any of the plate belonging to this church, and no hands were held up. Then I put it to vote whether it was their mind that they should not have any of it, and every hand (20) was up. In 1761 the members of this church subscribed a sum of money towards paying for a tankard which the church had bought, and as several of the members that subscribed now belong to the Third Church, it was voted that what they subscribed should be refunded back to them. The sum was £15, 6s, 6d." Thus was the matter, with a happy mingling of New England thrift and justice, amicably adjusted.

In the meantime a tragic event had happened in the meeting-house. One Sunday morning, at "sermon time," the minister was stricken with an apopleptic fit, "by which," he says, "I lost the use of my hands for some time." It was the beginning of a lingering illness, to which he at last succumbed. In 1769, it is written: "The records back to May, 1762, I have entered from loose memorandums of my honored father to this time, when it pleased God to visit him with a fit of sickness that rendered him incapable of attending to the office of his ministry. Those which follow have been preserved by the deacon and my honored mother." Evidently here is the loving hand of a child of the good old pastor, who had now served the parish for thirty-five years. In that time the people had come to know him well and love him. He was honored in the community wherein he had lived and labored for so long. That he was a man bravely abreast of his time, and quick with that common sense which accompanies greatness, to recognize and welcome any new discovery that is of practical value to men, let the following anecdote from Drake's "Old Town of Roxbury," testify: "When Dr. Boylston introduced the practice of innoculation for small-pox into Boston, the Rev. Cotton Mather, who was its powerful advocate, was violently assailed. His nephew, Mr. Walter, one of the ministers of Roxbury, having been privately innoculated in the doctor's house in Boston, a villian, about three in the morning, set fire to the fuse of a grenade and threw it into his room. The fuse, however, was displaced by the passage through the window, and there was no explosion."

Here was a man glad to endorse the new truth that science had to reveal, even though it must needs be in the teeth of popular disfavor. A stalwart man, we may well believe, and a faithful. But the hand of sickness was heavy upon him now. He never recovered from that attack in the pulpit at sermon time. The love of his people was with him. Year after year the parish appropriated money "to help our reverend pastor to supply the pulpit in his sickness." The strong man fought well and long. But he grew weaker and weaker, till it became evident that a colleague must be secured. In 1773, after a day of fasting and prayer, the Rev. Thomas Abbot was called. He accepted on July 10th, and on September 26th or 29th was ordained. The old pastor lingered on till the great year of '76, when crowned with years and honor, he passed quietly on into the larger life.

In the year 1773, "ye old version of ye psalms was laid aside, and Dr. Watt's hymns were introduced." A picturesque custom of the olden time also was done away with: "This day ye church abolished ye ancient custom of persons making confession in ye broad aisle."

For sixty-one years the people had gathered in the little meeting-house on Walter Street. It had been "new clap-boarded," repaired and enlarged. But the time had come when it must be given up. It was not an easy thing to do, rude and comfortless as it was. About it there had gathered many tender associations. To the old folks whose thoughts went back to the early days of the parish, it must have been very dear. They knew with what cost of toil and sacrifice its walls had been reared. For many of them it had been the first church home in the bleak new world. That Samuel Lyon, who was baptized one February day, and who now, we will hope, was a worthy member of the church and a deacon, might well be fond of the old place. But time moves on, and men must move with it. Grow or die is the command of Nature.

The project of a new meeting-house had probably been smouldering in a few enterprising brains for sometime. It first finds expression in a vote of March 10th, 1766, "By the precinct, that when they shall think best to build a new meeting-house they shall build it where the old one now stands, or on land adjoining it which belongs to the precinct." The matter thus broached was considered and reconsidered, voted and revoted upon for many years. Now we will build; and now we will not build. When we build we will build here. When we build we will build there. So pass seven years. The people move slowly; but it matters little so that it be the *people* that move. At last on March 10th, 1773, it was "voted to pull the old meeting-house down and use as much of the same as will answer toward building a new meeting-house." A committee of fifteen was appointed to do the work. They did it with their own hands; and in the early Spring there was another church raising at the "west end of Roxbury, towards Dedham." On June 21st it was "voted that the old sounding-board be painted and put up in the new meeting-house, and that the new meeting-house be painted."

This second meeting-house of the parish "was a square structure, which stood broadside to the road, and had no steeple. In 1821 it was given its present form, and was largely rebuilt." The pews were sold outright, to be transmitted by will from generation to generation, as was the custom of the time. For some reason, not quite apparent, the wall pews were the favorites. It was "voted that the person who pays most on real estate shall have his choice of the wall pews at sixty pounds, and so descending twenty shillings upon each pew until the seventeen wall pews are taken. Voted, that the pews in the body, the first to pay thirty-two pounds each, and so descending twenty shillings each pew till the ten are taken up. Also voted that the pews in the gallery pay fifteen pounds each, and so descending five shillings on each pew until the fourteen are taken up." So were the pews apportioned. Some were set aside as "poor pews;" and some, so says tradition, for slaves.

The people were not wealthy. The new meeting-house was the production of their own labor for the most part. Whatever was to be done must be done by the hands of those who wished it, or by committees appointed for that purpose. On November 8th, 1773, it was voted "that those persons who have a mind to build stables on the back side of the meeting-house have liberty to build." A committee of twenty-five is "to level the land about the meeting-house." No doubt the earth flew swiftly before the onslaught of their shovels. Again the precinct committee is instructed to "whitewash the meeting-house, and partition part of the front gallery for the women to sit in."

Such was the building of the second meeting-house of the old First Parish. It was done in stirring times. The little New England towns of Lexington, of Concord, of Dedham, of Roxbury, were doing things of great moment to the world. The farmer folk who had learned freedom in the precinct meeting were to be the martyrs of the world's freedom. It is not now the mending of glass in the meeting-house, but the mending of an evil time, to which they turn. Events came thick and fast. In November, 1772, the year before the building of the meeting-house, Samuel Adams rose in a meeting in Boston, and made a motion which, in the words of George Bancroft, "included the whole revolution." Then the Committee of Correspondence was formed. "God grant," said he in closing, "that a love of liberty, and a zeal to support it, may enkindle in every town." Roxbury was not slow to answer to the call. On the 16th of December, a little over a month after permission had been granted "those persons that have a mind to build stables at the back of the meeting-house" to do so, a tea party was held in Boston harbor. Roxbury was not far from Boston by the "Neck," and the invitation to the party had gone far and wide. Some of those restless boys who had watched the sand flow through the glass at sermon time were showing what stuff they were of. "After the work was done, the town became as quiet as if it had been a holy time. That very night the men from the country took home the good news to their villages." Roxbury mothers did well not to ask too closely where their boys had been that night. This was on a Thursday. Much food it gave for talk on the meeting-house steps and under the trees on Sunday.

In the stirring events of April, '75, the men of Roxbury had a hand. The farmers gathered as quickly as might be. "Below West Cambridge the militia from Dorchester, Roxbury and Brookline came up," and assisted in the great work. The die was cast. Said Captain John Parker, the grandfather of Theodore, on the green at Lexington when the British force drew near, "Don't fire unless fired upon; but if they mean to have a war, LET IT BEGIN HERE." The night preceding the outrage at Lexington," says one, "there were not fifty people in the whole colony that ever expected that any blood would be shed in the contest." And Bancroft adds, "The night after, the king's governor and the king's army found themselves closely beleagured in Boston." Along the road from Dedham, now Centre Street, the ill-armed militia flocked in. The sound of the cannon on the Neck was soon to be heard from the meeting-house steps.

On May 22, 1776, in town meeting regularly assembled, whereat were present representatives from the West End, toward Dedham, the town of Roxbury instructed her representatives that "If the Honorable Congress, for the safety of the said colonies, declare them independent of the king of Great Britain, they, the said inhabitants, would solemnly engage with their lives and fortunes to support them in the measure." Here was more food for talk after the morning service on the Sabbath day.

These stirring events which determined the course that human freedom was to take, find eloquent expression in the silent witness of the Declaration of Independence inscribed upon the parish records. There is no word of comment or of explanation. It is simply written out with painstaking care. That is all — and it is enough. The document itself is the record of that awful time of doubt, that glorious time of self-

Church of First Parish, West Roxbury, 1892–1900.

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immolation. It is the very gist and heart of the preacher's word from Sabbath to Sabbath, which somehow had gotten itself plowed into the life of the people.

It was read from the pulpit one Sabbath morning to the silent congregation. The people were listening to one of man's great utterances. It was a turning point in the world's history; and the scene was a simple meeting-house where a few farmer folk had gathered together. There were many vacant seats. Captain William Draper, commander of the second company of Roxbury Minute Men, whose home was but a few steps from the meeting-house, was at Fort Ticonderoga, where he was to die in service that very year. Moses Draper, who later was to keep a famous tavern on the country road near Dedham, who had been present at Lexington, and commanded a company at Bunker Hill, perchance had gone with Washington to New York, as well as Col. Eleazer Weld, for many years clerk of the parish, who had had much to do with the thundering of the guns at the Neck on the great night in March, when, under cover of the feint, Washington had occupied Dorchester Heights. All these friends and neighbors of the parish were away. Over the little meeting-house there hung a cloud of uncertainty that made men not afraid, but strong and resolute. There may have been still many in that congregation who, a year before, had crouched, rifle in hand, behind the wall on the road from Lexington and Concord, or had waited "till they saw the whites of their eyes" behind the breastworks at Bunker Hill. They knew what that declaration meant for them and for those they loved. So too did they in the women's gallery yonder, whence came a sound as of a stifled sob. Yet they did not flinch. The righteousness of the Puritan preaching was being transmuted into life.

There is a tradition that a company of Colonial troops marched down the broad aisle one day that they might receive the blessing of the pastor ere they joined Washington's army. We will respect the tradition, and honor the spot hallowed by that blessing.

The stirring events find expression in the parish records. On May 8th, 1778, it was "Voted whether the precinct would proportion the charge of the war from the 19th of April, 1775, the time this war began, and for the future on poles and estates, if the town don't act upon it at May meeting, and it passed in the affirmative." *They* knew when "this war began." It was then voted to raise "five hundred pounds, in order to encourage the raising of the men that are now called for in this precinct." One Lieut. Noah Davis "entered his protest against raising any money for the above mentioned purpose, and paid eight pence." We honor the lieutenant for the courage of his convictions; but it is to be hoped for the peace and comfort of his mind and body that he found speedy refuge within the British lines. As time goes on the sums for carrying on the war increase. On June 13, 1780, it was voted "to raise six thousand pounds for to hire men with for to join the Continentals." Our fore-father's grammatical expression may have been a little odd; their patriotism was beyond question. On the 30th of June of this same year is this significant record, "Voted to raise the sum of ten thousand pounds to hire men to join the *Army of the United States.*"

These thousands of pounds so freely voted, together with a gift of three thousand pounds to Mr. Abbot, are a pathetic commentary on the times. They reveal the swift

decline of the Continental currency, bringing with it a train of untold miseries, until at last the phrase "Not worth a Continental" expressed the lowest depth of worthlessness.

Such were the trying times in which the meeting-house was built; such were the heroic men that built it. We do well to honor them. "The same were the mighty men that were of old, the men of renown." Yet it is a relief to discover, now and again, that our hero is a man like ourselves. It is a good thing to take him down from his pedestal occasionally, to slap him on the back, as it were; to shake him by the hand; to sit down and break bread with him in fellowship and good cheer. Then we discover that beneath his bronze toga there beats a human heart of flesh and blood. Comforting it is to know that our hero has his weaknesses and his foibles as well as we; and that his very heroism is not in spite of but because of his humanness. So is it with our fathers. They changed the course of history. The world will never forget the thing they did. We place them on an exceeding high pedestal, and look with awe. It is well. Let them be held in honor by the nation's children. Yet they too were human; were men of flesh and blood. They too had their foibles.

We have seen that they were thrifty folk, looking carefully after the pennies in the full assurance that the pounds would then take care of themselves. On January 26th, 1776, while the guns were growling at the Neck, while men were looking with anxious eyes to Weld Hill as a place of possible retreat in case of disaster, while Washington was calling for powder, and guns, and food and clothing for his troops, while the foot fall of recruits going to the Continental lines around Boston could be heard passing the meeting-house door, in "Precinct meeting regularly assembled," this vote was gravely passed: "As it had been the practice for many years after the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered for the remainder of the wine to be used by any person then present, and as it answered no good end, and as that article is scarce and dear, the church voted that no more wine should be given after sacrament."

And through all this bitter time, from 1777 to 1780, while Washington was harried across New Jersey, and during the weary days of doubt and misgiving when the Continental army was in camp at Valley Forge, and men's footsteps were traced by spots of red upon the snow, there waged a war within the parish well nigh as long drawn out as that without. The first gun was fired on May 4, 1777, when the pastor records that "The singers desired me to desire the bretheren of the church and congregation to tarry and see if it was their mind to sing without reading. Seven voted for and nine against it." It had been the custom, as in all New England parishes, to read and sing the psalms line by line. Their fathers had done it, and their fathers' fathers before them. Here was a revolutionary proposition indeed; a matter not to be decided lightly. These "singers" must be taught respect for the ancient customs of our fathers. For full three years the battle waged with varying fortunes. On May 18th, "the above vote was re-considered, and voted to sing without reading till our next lecture." June 13th, "The church voted against singing without reading." The conflict waxes fiercer. On the 15th, a Sabbath day, "The singers, contrary to the vote passed on Friday, sang without reading, which gave great offence to Bros. ——— and ———; and they

desired that Bro. ———, who led the singing, should be debarred from partaking (of the communion) on account of his disorderly conduct. It was at their desire put to vote, and there were the two above mentioned brothers against his communing, and the others were for it." It is to be feared that the spirit of Harmony fled from the meeting-house that day. Yet this same sturdy independence was saving the state. They held the British in check with one hand, and fought the "singers" in parish meeting with the other. A special meeting was called on Wednesday to consider the matter. "After much disputing this vote was passed by a majority of one, To sing the six following Sabbaths with reading line by line, and the four following without reading, and then to consider further upon the matter at our next lecture but one." "The church met according to adjournment, and voted by a majority of one to sing reading line by line." Whereupon "Bro. ——— refused to set the psalm." It was voted that another brother be invited to do it; but he declined. A committee was then appointed "to find someone to set it," and report on September 19th. They reported "that the people they had applied to were not at home, and they had got no one." So the battle waged. Now the "singers;" now the church triumphed. Compromises were suggested, "to sing ye last time every Sabbath without reading, and with reading in the forenoon, and the first time in the afternoon." But the singers, obstinate fellows, would have no compromise. Sing without reading or not at all, was their ultimatum. At last, on June 2, 1780, three years after the firing of the first gun, matters came to a crisis. "At the desire of several members of the church a church meeting was held this evening, occasioned by the singers refusing to tune the psalm on the last Lord's Day in the afternoon." This was the last blow. The opposition succumbed, we will hope gracefully, and it was "determined by church and congregation to sing without reading." So were the "singers" victorious, even as the Continental Army was victorious at Yorktown the following year, and from that day to this there has been no "deaconing" or "lining" of the psalms in the meeting-house.

So the life of the parish and the life of the nation went hand in hand together. The life of the nation *was* the life of the parish writ large. In March, 1783, Mr. Abbot resigned because of ill health. "It is my desire," he says, "that we part in love and peace and harmony; ever having a grateful remembrance of each other, and praying for each other's temporal, and spiritual and eternal welfare." His resignation was duly accepted, and on January 10th, 1785, Mr. John Bradford was unanimously chosen minister of the parish.

Of his ministry we know nothing, for there is a break in the records here that extends for many years, He served the parish forty years, till his death in 1825. On Wednesday, February 2, of that year, his successor, the Rev. John Flagg was installed. His ministry was cut short by his untimely death in 1831, of which we are told in these quaint and tender words: "The Rev. John Flagg, pastor of the Second Church in Roxbury, was interrupted in his ministerial labors by a severe cold which settled on his lungs and terminated in a consumption, which at last put an end to his days. He preached for the last time to his people on March 14, 1830. He died at six o'clock on Monday morning, March 14, 1831. For several months before his death his mind

was prepared for the event. When it came it found him, as a servant of the Lord should be found, with his lamps trimmed and burning. His funeral took place on the Wednesday following, the 16th, at the church, which was hung with black."

On May 9th, 1831, an invitation to become the minister of the parish was extended to the Rev. George Whitney. He accepted, and was ordained on the 15th of June. "The afternoon appointed proved stormy. The rain fell in torrents. Nevertheless, all went harmoniously and in peace. All things were done decently and in order. A goodly number of the churches invited were present, and the house was just full. More could not have been accommodated." Mr. Whitney's picture has come down to us. The face is strong and tender—very pleasant to look upon. His ministry was of less than five years' duration, but he left behind a fragrant memory, and people told how the little children loved to gather round him.

Then followed the golden age of the life of the parish. Upon it was conferred the privilege of nurturing, with love and appreciation, the early years of a prophet's career. Its history had well prepared it for the task. Freedom had become the habit of its thought. And so when its pastor was rejected of men, it could make, in all simplicity, the boast, of which it may now well be proud: "This little society . . . . . *solitary in independence*, did not shrink from bearing its testimony in his days of trial."

On April 30, 1837, Theodore Parker preached for the first time in the old meeting-house. He was a young man then—the future all before him. Could he have looked into that future, would not even his brave heart have quailed? On May 23d of the same year he was called to be minister of the parish at a salary of six hundred dollars. The nine years of ministry in the little society were happy ones for him.

He found a great joy in the hills and woods and river. Nature was his friend. From his earliest years she had whispered to him her secrets. Here she was close at hand. He found congenial companions, too, men and women of like tastes with his own. Close by his garden gate were those whose friendship became the gladness of his life. A few miles away was Brook Farm, and there were other friends of kindred spirit with himself. They trudged to the meeting-house on Sunday to hear him preach. Many and many a time he and George Ripley walked the country roads together beneath the stars till far into the morning, deep in the discussion of the problems of life. He rejoiced in the opportunities and privileges of citizenship. The schools, the library, all things that made for good, received his care.

He lived in an atmosphere of love that was congenial to his great nature. His simple home was made beautiful by domestic affection. She whom he playfully called "Bearsie," was the nearest to his heart. This man was made to love, and to be loved. Few natures have been so gentle, so tender, as was his. He loved the men and women with whom he came into daily contact. He loved the little children, and was loved of them. He knew them all, and had a friendly word for each. Today, those who are white haired and bent will tell with trembling voice how he once laid his hand upon their head as little children, and of the tenderness of his face. It was the grief of his life that he had no children of his own. He loved the animals, the birds, the flowers. All were friends; all spoke to him of the love of God,

Church of First Parish, West Roxbury.

Corner Stone Laid Nov. 21, 1899. Church Dedicated Oct. 5, 1900.

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He was at home in every home in the parish. Welcome everywhere, he came without formality or ceremony. "Now, Mrs.—— if you are going to make company of me in the parlor, I will not stay. Just let me sit in the kitchen with you." And in the kitchen he would sit, a ray of sunshine in the homely place, while the housewife was busy with the cooking. He knew every poor family in the place, knew their lives, their history, their needs. And his hand was quick to help. He was the companion of the humble, the friend of those in need. Love and helpfulness was the habit of his life. His great heart was open to all, and no one knocked in vain.

Far away over the hills and through the woods he roamed in the strength of his young manhood, seeking the flowers that were dear to him. He knew where they shyly hid themselves. Every Spring-time he watched eagerly for their coming; and the hand of this giant among men, that hand which was laid so heavily upon those who were responsible for the nation's iniquity, was as gentle and tender as a woman's when it caressed a violet in the Spring-time, or touched the golden curls of a little child. Under the oak that bears his name he often sat in thought, the tree stretched its strong arms over him as though guarding its child.

Then, the strength of the woods in his heart, he turned homeward, and, leaping up the stairs three steps at a time, whistling cheerily, plunged into his study to put into glowing words the thoughts that had come to him from Nature's heart. "No one knew Theodore Parker who did not live with him," say those who did know him. His tenderest love, his most constant thoughtfulness, was hidden within the walls of his home. His rollicking fun bubbled over there, and filled the house with laughter. It was the fun of a loving heart, frank, spontaneous, good natured. There was no sting in it, only genial good will. And yet there were periods of deepest depression and sadness. Was it that the sensitive soul foresaw the coming bitterness? Few knew of these periods of depression. To all who came in contact with him he was as a tower of strength.

In the meeting-house on Sunday, hallowed for ever more by his presence, he poured out his great soul to the listening people. "I preach abundant heresies," he says, "none calling me to account therefor, but men's faces looking like fires new stirred thereat." He spoke from his own life's rich experience, and the hearts of the people were made glad.

The world knows Theodore Parker, the great preacher, the reformer, denouncer of unrighteousness. Only the chosen few knew Theodore Parker the man, the companion, the friend and pastor. His heart was as gentle and tender as a woman's. Gentleness and tenderness were the very essence of his life. The stern rebuke, the withering sarcasm, the awful denunciation of unrighteousness were uttered, with infinite pain, at the dictates of duty alone. It was not that he would, but that he *must*. While the voice spoke its fearful word of condemnation, while the scornful finger pointed straight at the unclean thing in church or society, the heart was wrung with pity. Here was a man who lived on love, whose heart was hungry for human sympathy and affection; and yet, strange irony of fate, he deliberately made himself hated and reviled of men because duty bade him do it. "I am the worst hated man in America—and I have no children." No more pathetic words were ever uttered. Here is a martyrdom of the spirit, com-

pared with which the martyrdom of the flesh is as nothing. He accepted it cheerfully.

On May 19, 1841, he preached the "South Boston" sermon on "the Transient and Permanent in Christianity." He thought but little of it. A friend to whom he had read it had told him it was "the poorest thing he had ever done." The world thinks differently. It marks an epoch in American Unitarian thought. We are proud now to stand where he stood that day. But it brought down upon him a storm of abuse and criticism, even from those who should have upheld his hands. One by one, with a few honorable exceptions, the doors of the Boston pulpits were slammed against him. Friends on whose faithfulness he relied fell away and were cold. He was left almost alone. It was then that the little group of people in West Roxbury gathered close about him. He had feared that they, too, might fall away; it seemed so natural that they should. "I thought that you would do what others did; others had promised more, but fled at the first fire. I made up my mind that you might ask a dissolution of our union." He was ready even for that. But they knew him too well. He was their friend, their neighbor, their pastor. There are no dearer ties than these; and they held through all the strain. In 1843 he went abroad, through the kindness of a friend. Soon after his return, on January 22, 1845, this simple resolution was passed by a company of men in Boston:

"*Resolved:* That the Rev. Theodore Parker shall have a chance to be heard in Boston."

It was the call of duty to a larger field of opportunity and usefulness. Then he entered upon his great work. Of the grief of parting let him and the friends in West Roxbury tell. Comment of ours were an impertinence.

To the Second Parish in Roxbury:

West Roxbury, January 3d, 1846.

Dear Friends: It is with great grief that I write you this note fixing the second Sunday in February next as the day of resigning my connection with you. Circumstances which I could neither prevent nor foresee constrain me to leave a place which has become dearer to me each year I have filled it,—a place in which I had fondly hoped to live long and usefully, and die, as I had lived, among you. I need not say now how painful the separation will be to me, for I think you all know that; I need not say that no personal ambition leads me to this step, for I think you all know the circumstances of this case too well, and me too well, to believe for a moment it is so. If my brethren of the Christian ministry had stood by me,—nay, if they had not themselves refused the usual ministerial fellowship with me,—then I would have been spared this painful separation; and my life might have flowed on in the channel we had both wished for it. But I bear no ill-will to my brethren; I trust you will bear none. I hope you may again hear their voices in your own church, and be again instructed by their words. I shall soon cease to be your minister; I shall never cease to be your friend. I hope long to be your neighbor and fellow-citizen. But wherever I am, I shall always feel grateful for the uniform kindness and forbearance you have shown towards me. There is nothing in all your dealings with me that I could wish otherwise. You have borne patiently with my infirmities; and if I have ever found a new truth to offer—though scholars and clergymen treated it with scorn—you welcomed it to your hearts, and heard it gladly. When my personal friends forsook

me, and shrank off, you stood by me. Your hearty sympathy has been of more value to me than words can tell. Think not I shall ever forget that. And now I am obliged to leave you. My desire is to remain still with you; my duty commands me elsewhere. If I am able to serve you in any way, I beg you to consider me still your servant and always your friend. It will always give me pleasure to be of use to you. With best wishes for your success, I remain affectionately

Your friend and Christian brother,

THEODORE PARKER.

An Extract from the Record of a meeting of the Second Parish, Roxbury, held January 30th, 1846. Deacon Benjamin Farrington, moderator.

Rev. Theodore Parker's letter having been read, the following preamble and resolutions were offered by George B. Russell, Esq., viz:

A letter having been received from the Rev. Theodore Parker, naming the second Sunday in February next as the day when he wishes to resign his connection with the Second Parish of Roxbury, and conveying feelings of regret at the necessity of the change and kindness and friendly regards for us individually, we members and representatives of the said parish, reciprocating most fully the sentiments contained in that letter, and being desirous of offering Mr. Parker some evidence of our respect and consideration — something of gratitude for the past and good wishes for the future, a sense of the services he has rendered us, and a hope that he may find happiness in a long continued course of usefulness to others — therefore,

Resolved, That we accept the resignation of Mr. Parker, to take place at the time which he has named; and although we deeply regret his departure, and reluctantly consent to the sacrifice, we are cheered with the hope that the loss of the few will be the gain of the many, and that a more extended field for his labors will promote the cause of inquiry and truth.

Resolved, That our connection has been one of the deepest interest. Circumstances have called for our warmest support and sympathy. We have gathered around him when the world forsook him. When his brethren were cold and no word of kindly encouragement met him on the right or on the left, this little society, few in numbers, inconsiderable in influence, limited in resources, and solitary in independence, did not shrink from bearing its testimony in his days of trial. It has stood by him through good and evil report with a resolution and unanimity that has been sustained by the conviction that God would uphold the right,— that what of truth was uttered would live, and what of error would pass away. The bond which has held us together can never be forgotten by him or by us. He will still be dear to us, though not among us; and we shall watch his future career with earnest solicitude and unabated affection.

Resolved, That we offer him our thanks for the interest he has taken in us and our families, for the words of comfort that he has spoken to us, the kindly feeling he has promoted among us, and the unwearied exertion he has used for our social good. May his influence remain with us; and may it meet with equal success among those who have called him from us. We affectionately bid him farewell; and we implore the Giver of all Good to guide and support him in the great mission before him.

Whereupon, on motion of Aaron D. Weld, Esq., it was unanimously voted that the preamble and resolutions offered by Mr. Russell be accepted; and that a copy be transmitted to Mr. Parker, signed by the moderator and clerk.

BENJAMIN FARRINGTON, Moderator.

A. W. DRAPER, Parish Clerk.

The First Parish of West Roxbury has much in its history to be proud of — this simple record most of all.

After Theodore Parker resigned, the pulpit was supplied by several clergymen, among them Rev. William H. Channing, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, who was to be the sympathetic biographer of Mr. Parker, and the Rev. G. M. Bartol. In the summer of 1846 the Rev. Dexter Clapp preached before the society ; and in the following October a call was extended to him, which he accepted for one year. The invitation was then renewed on the same terms, with the addition of the use of the parsonage, which in the mean time had been built. The land was the gift of Mrs. Elizabeth Corey. Work on the parsonage was begun on May 28th, and finished about December 1st, 1847.

This invitation was accepted. "There was no formal installation," says Mr. Clapp. "I entered on my duties December 20th, 1848, recognizing the new relation by an appropriate sermon." He resigned in October, 1851. It was a short ministry, perhaps ; but long enough for the people to have learned to love him. There are some still left who knew him ; and their memory is very tender. "He used to tell me," writes one, "of the deep attention with which young and old listened to his teaching when he came to West Roxbury ; and how humble it made him, rather a young man, as he looked down to their upturned faces. He had a face full of beautiful life, and most sympathetic expression. But his health was very delicate, and we were quick to notice when he was tired.'

On July 18th, 1852, the Rev. Edmund B. Wilson was installed as pastor of the parish, the Rev. Edward Everett Hale preaching the sermon. Then followed seven years of faithful and helping ministry, till 1859, when it is written, "I resigned my pastorship of the church, and with the consent of the parish, ended my ministry here with the month of May."

Mr. Wilson was succeeded by the Rev. T. B. Forbush, who served the parish from 1863 to 1868. In May, 1851, the town of West Roxbury had been incorporated as a separate municipality, an event duly celebrated with much discharging of cannon and fireworks. And on May 21st, 1866, the name of the parish was changed from the Second Parish in Roxbury, to the First Parish, West Roxbury.

On May 29th, 1870, began the ministry of the Rev. Augustus M. Haskell. His memory is still alive in the hearts of those who knew him.

Of him it has been said that "his heart was in his face, and heaven was in his heart." For nineteen years he served the parish with faithfulness, albeit at times the way seemed hard, and the discouragements many. He loved the old meeting-house with a passionate love and strove for its preservation. His name is written on the hearts of those whose lives he helped. In 1889 his health failed. His work must be laid down. On February 11th his letter of resignation was read at a meeting of the parish. The record says, "The universal sentiment prevailing was that the society held for him the warmest feelings of esteem and respect. Mr. C. A. Hewins, being one of the oldest pew-holders in the society, was appointed a committee to prepare resolutions expressing the feelings of the society towards Mr. Haskell." At the annual meeting in March, the committee reported as follows : "Whereas, our pastor, the Rev. A. M. Haskell, has

Draper House, Centre Street.

Unitarian Parsonage, 1847–1889.

sent in his resignation, and asked for his dismissal from the society on account of his continued ill health, and in terms that cannot be disregarded, be it *Resolved*: That we regret the necessity that compels this resignation; that we feel grateful to him who has given nineteen of the best years of his life to our small society, laboring constantly in the face of many discouragements for its benefit, and that we offer him our best wishes for his renewed health and the future welfare of himself and family."

It was by his exertions that the Unitarian church at Roslindale, the second child of the First Parish, was gathered in March, 1890; and there, too, his name is held in honor.

Such are some of the memories that cluster around the old meeting-house. Small wonder that when, in 1890, it was so sadly scarred by fire, the people were loath to build a new house of worship elsewhere. Changed conditions, however, made it necessary, and within the year the third church of the First Parish was built on Corey street, off Centre street. On October 23, 1891, the Rev. Frank Wright Pratt was installed as minister of the parish. . He came at the crucial time of transfer from the old meeting-house to the new. By his efforts the society grew in numbers and in strength, and when, on January 30th, 1895, he felt compelled to resign, the regret of the parish was thus fittingly expressed: "*Resolved*: That in accepting this resignation the society desires to express to him their hearty appreciation of his work during his pastorate here, and their profound regret that he feels the necessity of relinquishing it. He came here at a time when the society was small and without a church building, at a time when the church spirit was as low as it could be and live. Now we have a church building which has already been outgrown in renting capacity. We feel that he has strengthened us and awakened our enthusiasm to a great degree, and that his going will be a serious loss to the society and the community."

On May 10th, 1893, the present simple form of covenant was adopted.

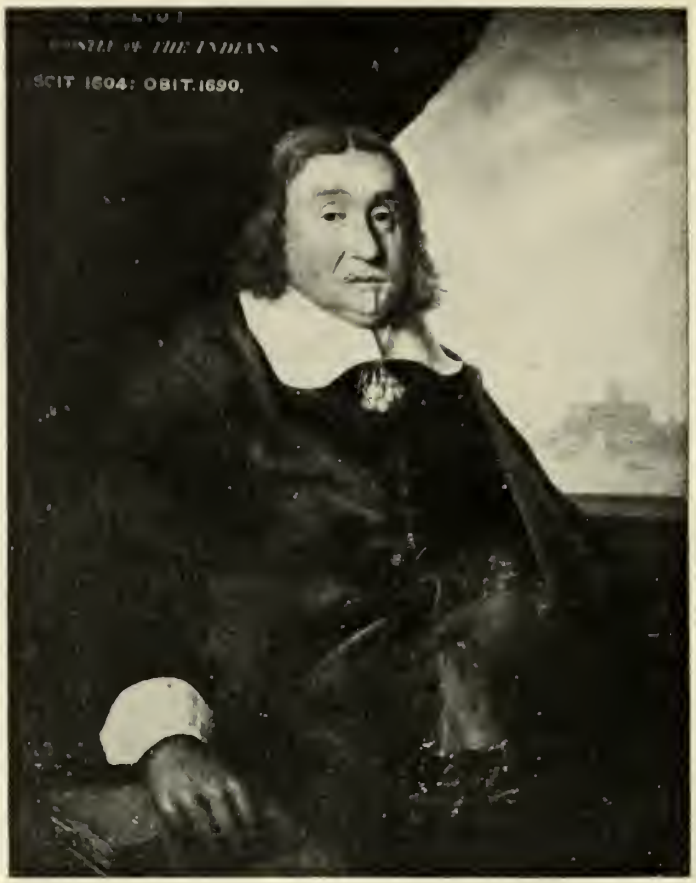
During the ministry of Mr. Pratt's successor, the Rev. Alfred R. Hussey, who was called on May 16, 1895, and resigned on December 3, 1898, the society so increased in numbers that in the Spring of 1899 it was decided to build a fourth church on the corner of Centre and Corey streets. This church was dedicated on October 5, 1900, the present pastor having been installed on June 6, 1899.

Such is a brief sketch of the history of the First Parish, West Roxbury. Its past has been honorable; may its future be no less so.

JOHN H. APPLEBEE.

FATHER, I will not ask for wealth or fame,
Though once they would have joyed my carnal sense:
I shudder not to bear a hated name,
Wanting all wealth, myself my sole defense.
But give me, Lord, eyes to behold the truth;
A seeing sense that knows the eternal right;
A heart with pity filled, and gentlest ruth;
A manly faith that makes all darkness light.
Give me the power to labor for mankind;
Make me the mouth of such as cannot speak;
Eyes let me be to groping men and blind;
A conscience to the base; and to the weak
Let me be hands and feet; and to the foolish, mind;
And lead still further on such as thy kingdom seek.

THEODORE PARKER.



John Eliot

From the "Beginnings of New England," by John Fiske, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Pulpit Rock.

JOHN ELIOT.

The Apostle to the Indians.

EVERY year the interest increases in the life and missionary zeal of John Eliot, who for almost sixty years was minister of the First Church in Roxbury. He was born at Widford, in Hertford, England. In the dingy and worn records of the village church, it is written: "Anno dom 1604, John Elliot, the sonne of Bennett Eliot, was baptized the 5th day of August, in the year of our Lord God, 1604." Soon after his baptism his father is supposed to have moved to Nazing, where, it has always been stated until within a few years, that the Apostle was born. In his will his father leaves eight pounds a year for the maintenance of his son in the University of Cambridge. Soon after graduating he was employed as usher in a school kept by Thomas Hooker, afterwards the first minister of the church in Cambridge, and later the founder of the State of Connecticut.

We may well believe that Eliot was brought up in a home where, during the intensity of the religious struggle then dividing and tossing England, the love of doctrine and the spirit of devotion were very marked, for he writes of his childhood: "That his first years were seasoned with the fear of God, the Word and Prayer." When he became an inmate of the home of the teacher Hooker, whatever pious impulses, whatever religious instructions, whatever parental solicitudes had been around him, were only deepened. "When," he says, "I came to this blessed family, I then saw as never before the power of godliness in its lovely vigor and efficacy."

At this time, Laud, who was bishop of London, one of the most bitter enemies of the Puritans, was making it as uncomfortable as he could for any one who deviated in the least from the ceremonial of the Prayer Book; and Eliot, to escape the persecution which was raging all around him, made his plans to come to the new world. In November, 1631, after a voyage of ten weeks, he arrived at Boston in the ship Lyon, and as Wilson of the First Church of Boston was absent, Eliot was engaged to preach in his place. The church in Boston was delighted with the young preacher and eager to settle him as teacher with the minister, but Eliot could not be diverted from accepting the call to Roxbury, and here he began his ministry in November, 1632. Boston had then but one meeting-house, a structure built of logs, like all these early places of worship, which stood at what is now the corner of State and Devonshire Streets, and this was the only church the town had for twenty years. The second was built in 1650, at the head of North Square. There were no laid-out streets, only a few paths leading up from the shores.

I have a little volume on the early life in New England, printed in London in 1639, which says that "Boston is a town of very pleasant situation, two miles north-east from Rocksborough;" and of Rocksborough it says: "It is a fair and handsome country

town, the inhabitants of it all being very rich; it is well wooded and watered, having a clear and fresh brook running through the town," (this is Stony Brook, which of late years has sometimes run altogether too much). "The inhabitants have fair houses, store of cattle, impaled cornfields and fruitful gardens."

The earliest residences were along the street which now bears the name of the old town, and around the hill on which the meeting-house was built. Simple and rude, it was about 20 x 30, and 12 feet high, built of logs, the interstices filled up with clay, with a thatched roof and an earthern floor. It was the same site still occupied by all its successors, and now by the best specimen of the old Puritan meeting-house standing in New England. All the religious associations of the colony from 1631 to 1773 cluster around this spot, and for a long time it was the place of worship for the inhabitants included in what is now Roxbury, Jamaica Plain and West Roxbury, together with many of the settlers in Brookline. The first building stood until 1674, the second until 1741. Then a new and larger one was erected, which five years after was destroyed by fire which caught from a foot stove, and by many was regarded as a divine judgment upon the love of ease and luxury which was creeping into the settlement, for until about that time the fire of devotion was the only warmth the old meeting-houses had through the long services, although some of the worshippers would take their dogs to lie on the floor while they put their feet upon them, the better to endure the winter's cold. In 1712, a second church was gathered in what is now West Roxbury. In 1773 was erected the old meeting-house, still standing on Centre Street, near South, made famous by the ministry of Theodore Parker, and this gave way to the present beautiful church which has just been dedicated to the worship of God.

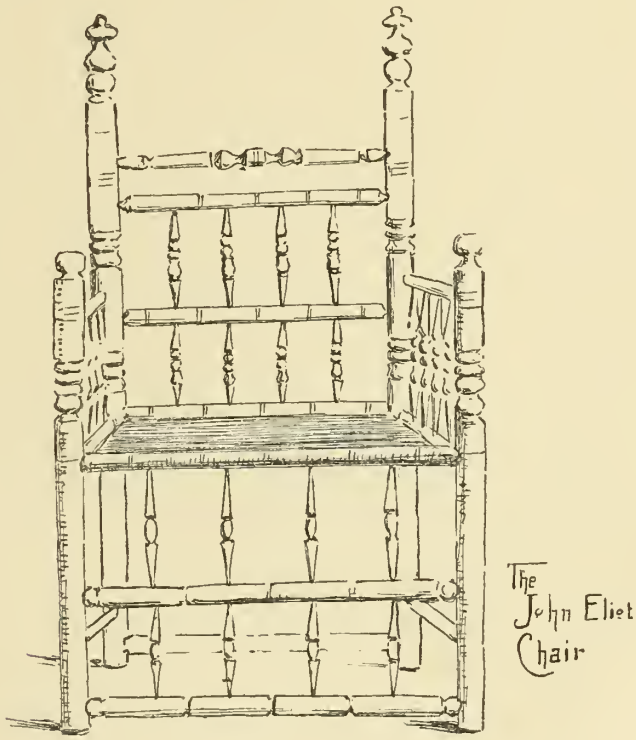
As was the custom of those days, the church was built upon some hill-top, with perhaps a thought of the hill of Zion, of the New Jerusalem, an object to look up to. The life was one of austere simplicity. The housewife did her own work. It was a rough country; everything was extremely primitive. In 1632, Eliot's fiancee, Ann Mumford, came over from England and they were married in his new parish, the first recorded marriage in Roxbury.

The long ministry of John Eliot invites a brief consideration of three points. *The first is his faithful parish work.* With all his missionary zeal, with the busy labors of the scholar and with his profound interest in every social matter touching the welfare of a new community, his parish duties were never neglected. He watched over his rapidly growing flock like a faithful shepherd. Every new settler was carefully looked after, and if his morals were questionable, he must repent, reform or move away. On the first page of his church records is a receipt for making ink, and good ink it surely was, for after the lapse of two hundred and fifty years it is still fresher and brighter than much of the present age not ten years old.

You see at a glance all through these records what a yearning and tender love, what a profound sympathy, what a joyous, bubbling life there was in his nature. His piety was not formal, but deep and all-pervading. Whenever any marked event happened he would say, "Brethren, let us turn all this into prayer." In homes where he was a familiar and welcome guest he would say: "Come, let us not have a visit

without prayer; let us pray down the blessing of Heaven on your family before we go." Here is no attempt to hide the lapses from the path of virtue by man or woman; no hesitation to hand down to other generations the righteousness of his elect parishioners, or to note some eccentricity of their lives. He likes to speak of those who left behind a "savor of godliness," and the fragrance of saintship seems to linger among the lines.

Here is "Bro. Griggs, who lay in a long affliction of sicknesse, and shined like gold in it;" and Phillip Sherman who "lived honestly and comfortably among us several years. Upon a just calling went for England and returned againe with a blessing." "The wife of William Talmage was a grave matron, a godly woman, and



dyed and left a gracious savor behind her." "Elizabeth Stow was a blessing not only to her family, but to all the church, and when she had lead a Christian conversation a few years among us she dyed and left a good savor behind her." Here is a record of old Mother Roote, "who lived not only till past use, but till more tedious than a child."

Here is his keen watchfulness over the affairs of trade: "The wife of William Webb, she followed baking, and through her covetuous mind she made light waight after many admonitions, flatly denying that after she had weighed her dough, she never scimed off bits from each loaf — which yet four witnesses testified to be a common, if not a practis: for all which grosse sins she was excommunicated. But afterwards she was reconciled to the church, and lived Christianly and dyed comfortably."

Some historians, looking among these ancient records, and finding these instances of intemperance, immorality and dishonesty, have made large discounts in regard to the piety of the early settlers; but when we bear in mind how their daily life was watched, how every offence was known, and how few the offences are in proportion to the population, there is every reason to believe that the settlers were exceptionally moral and godly.

2. *Eliot was always deeply interested in education*, and concerned about the training of the young, and he had what may be regarded as the first Sunday School in this country. "The care of the lambs," he said, "is one third part of the charge over the work of God;" and when he went out among the Indians he filled his great pockets with cakes, apples and goodies for the papooses. But his Sunday School was not the only part of his interest in the education of the young. One day when all the neighboring churches were gathered in Boston to consider "how the miscarriages which were among us might be prevented," Eliot exclaimed with great fervor: "Lord, for schools everywhere among us! That our schools may flourish! That before we die, we may be so happy as to see a good school encouraged in every plantation of the country." Eliot was himself a scholar of no mean attainments, according to the learning of those days. The Reformation brought with it a great awakening of the human mind, and the revival of learning meant chiefly a revival of the study of the classics; of the study of language, one of the greatest instruments of power over man. It was in keeping with this idea of the revival of learning which was stirring all Europe that Eliot established our Roxbury Latin School, to-day unique and distinguished in its course of study and the work it is doing; and Cotton Mather adds: "God so blessed his endeavors that Roxbury could not live quietly without a free school in the town — and the issue of it has been one thing, which has made me almost put the title of *schola illustris* upon that little nursery; that is, that Roxbury has afforded more scholars, first for the college and then for the public, than any town of its bigness, or if I mistake not, of twice its bigness in all New England." Eliot's literary work, without entering into any criticism of its scholarly value at the present day, was enough of itself to have occupied one busy man, and taken in connection with his pulpit and parish work, and with his missionary journeyings, make up a story of labors rarely equalled in any one life.

3. *The increasing interest in Eliot today, gathers around his work among the Indians.* This work grew most naturally out of the broad and deep religious spirit of the man. He could not help it. As soon as he met with these red men of the woods, in the one street along which the village of Roxbury was built, or skulking behind the

trees, the thought came to him, that they also were the children of God, and should have unfolded to them all the invitations and privileges of the Gospel. His sympathy went out toward them, he dealt with them in perfect sincerity, he was gentle, forbearing, trusting, and in time the most frank and beautiful relations were established between the two. As early as 1643 he began in great earnest to study their language, and in 1646 he first preached to them in their own tongue. On the 28th of October of that year, a large number assembled in the wigwam of a chief, Waban, on the south side of the Charles river, now in the town of Newton, then called Nonantum (which means rejoicing), and here was the first Indian mission established in New England. At Newton has been erected a memorial structure bearing this inscription: "Here at Nonantum, October 28, 1646, in Waban's wigwam, near this spot, John Eliot began to preach the Gospel to the Indians. Here he founded the first Christian community of Indians within the English Colonies."

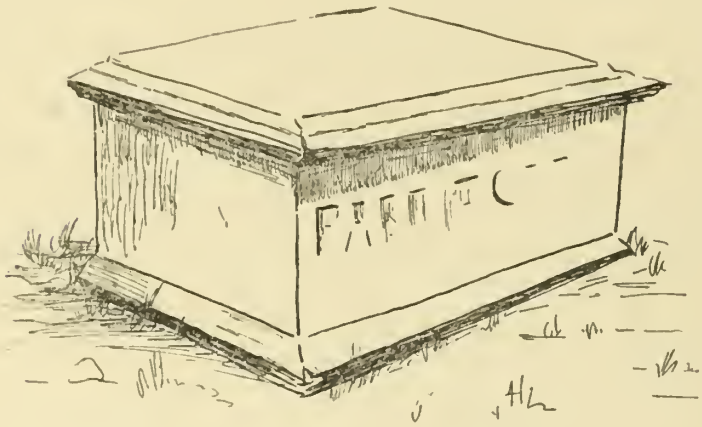
Waban became at Natick one of the most efficient officers of the settlement, and was made a Justice of the Peace. The following is said to be a copy of a warrant which he issued against a transgressor: "You, you big Constable, quick you catch 'um Jeremiah ———, strong you hold 'um, safe you bring 'um afore me. Waban, Justice Peace." A young justice asked Waban what he would do when Indians got drunk and quarrelsome. He replied, "Tie 'um all up. I whip 'um plaintiff, I whip 'um 'fendant, I whip 'um witness." After Eliot preached to the Indians it was his custom to have them ask him questions, and many were of a most perplexing nature. "If a man be almost a good man and dieth, whither goeth his soul?" "If a man think a prayer will God know it?" "Do not Englishmen spoil their souls when they say a thing cost them more than it did?" "If a man should be enclosed in iron a foot thick and thrown into the fire what would become of the soul? Could it get out or not?" "When I pray for a soft heart, why is it still hard?"

After Eliot's first preaching to the Indians at Nonantum in 1646, began that life of wonderful missionary zeal and love, perhaps unsurpassed in Christian history. There is not much to show us what he did in this immediate neighborhood, although he always had some work for educating the young Indians in his own home, but wherever he could reach them by day, by walking or driving, on Sunday whenever he could leave his own church, down as far as the Cape, up through Concord as far as the woods of New Hampshire, in their wigwams, or under some spreading tree, there the apostle was to be found. He forsook all the charms and comforts of civilization to reside with the natives. He would remain with them for days and weeks, instructing them, partaking of their hard fare, exposed to the attacks of the beasts of the forest. Like a brave soldier he fought the good fight of faith, bearing all things with cheerfulness; and then would come back to his humble and Godly home, and by the light of his tallow candle, long into the night for many years, spent himself in translating the Bible and religious books into their language, for their uplifting.

Thus he worked on until May, 1690, when he calmly fell asleep. No missionary who ever labored for the Gospel had a finer zeal; no martyr who ever faced the flames

had a more heroic spirit; no saint in the long written or unwritten can hold a sainthier soul. His charity and sympathy were as sweet as St. Francis d'Assisi's, and as the years go on he becomes one of the most commanding figures among all of the English Puritans who wrought for the early life of this country.

JAMES DE NORMANDIE.



ELIOT'S GRAVE

Eustis Street Burying Ground, Boston

Water Tower, Bellevue Hill.

TEMPER, TEMPERAMENT, TENDENCY.

By Edward A. Horton.

THE three words above stand for facts in human life of the most serious character. Yet I venture to say, in the average thought they play a minor part. The ordinary view of human action places great stress on will, self-guidance, personal initiative; it should be so if we would guard well and wisely the individual conscience and the individual judgment.

But the older we grow the wider is our survey of cause and effect, and the deeper our insight as to sources of human conduct. Whether agreeable or the opposite, the conviction steadily comes home, that temper, temperament and tendency have had a controlling influence over our course in life, and what we often considered original and self-determined was really traceable to their suggestion. Now a brief reference to each.

Temper is a misunderstood term. We speak of "losing one's temper;" of "keeping our temper." Many persons receive great credit for "keeping their temper;" they never had any to lose. The virtue of calmness ascribed to them is a negative one. They have no earnestness. Their excellence, so much praised, is a weakness; they are passive. Tame submission and silent acquiescence is as criminal as outbursts of anger, or passionate invective.

A reformer, like Theodore Parker for instance, does not "lose his temper" when he uses plain English in denouncing evils. Men with low pulse shake their heads and call earnest, frank speech the angry mood. This is not only laughable, it is grossly inaccurate. According to this definition offered us by timid natures, there is no place in human affairs for "righteous indignation," Pauline rebuke, ethical protest, or wholesome condemnation. Trim down our usages to this test, and we must expect Chinese diplomacy, red-tape methods, smiling and fawning manners. We must run with banked fires, lest too much steam be created.

Our prevailing temper has a great deal to do with our use and destiny in the world. Temper is not a faculty, or an organ of our nature; it is a condition, a result of all our faculties. There is the temper of good steel, the temper, or temperature of weather — these are conditions obtained by combinations.

Good temper is a prevailing good will; the spirit of fairness and courtesy. Nothing is more silly than to say that some one is "mad," who gives frank, strong utterance. The spirit behind may be a thousand times more just and honorable than the pliant, reticent type, anxious to offend no one, careless of principle.

Bad temper is the unreasonable, fault-finding attitude. In philosophy it is pessimism; in character it is cynicism and selfishness. The temper of a person is not decided by mere single acts, or particular experiences. Temper can be educated. So can

all phases of human personality be cultured and strengthened. Temper is not to be disgraced and disowned; it must be recognized and developed. Destroy a vigorous temper and you strike at the sources of enthusiasm, you imperil the growth of a quick conscience, you are on the way to the undermining of individual greatness.

I also mentioned temperament and tendency. The first is the inherited sky, doming our mind; by the second I mean the general bent and preference of our natures, our disposition, our tastes, our ideals.

The extreme arguments for heredity seem to me not borne out by facts. Heredity leaves an impress and contributes factors, but who can tell what those are, coming as they do from remote sources? On the other hand, who can tell how the child may develop with the new elements in its veins? Does heredity explain Lincoln, or Booker Washington, for example? Perhaps so, if we knew, as only God knows, all the factors in each case.

Yet here is temperament. We know its power. Temperament is temper in its highest ranges. Some persons have a phlegmatic temperament, others a sanguine one; some carry a clear sky easily, others endure severe melancholic storms. There is a call for charity and justice in our dealings with our fellow men. What is natural for one is labor for another.

But I do not dwell on that familiar subject; my point is that temperament, being what it is, must be reckoned with and guided. Rousseau spent his life in advocating the claims of "the natural man." I do not know what the "natural" is as applied to human nature. A young man, going into society, would not be natural if he simply acted out his awkwardness and boorish habits; nor is his opposite "natural," the conventional, parlor type of external etiquette. We are ascending. The true naturalness is yet to come, a union of spontaneous impulses with cultivated grace.

Style, art, culture, have their places forever, and temperament must learn of them. Our chief task is to be on our guard against the excesses of our native traits; to check their hasty exercise, not repressing original vigor, but turning it with masterful oversight, into right channels. And that leads me to the third powerful force in our lives, tendency.

He who keeps his temper rich, full, controlled, and knows himself temperamentally, will find his place in life. The "bent," or "bias," or "leading" in him will be happily made manifest. A parent says of a child: "I detect a tendency in him toward a given pursuit." Fortunate are those children who are helped on their predestined way through life, in early education. Our schools are too general, too much like mills. They are called upon to do a vast work for thousands; the individual child must suffer; it is unavoidable. A great deal of "bad temper" and clouded temperament arises from misfits and lack of correct location among men and women, as they become "settled" in life.

How pathetically true is this of many ministers! Failures, objects of criticism, accused of wretched temper and hopeless spirit in one parish, in another they rise to optimistic heights. But this is only an incidental illustration. I am thinking of the main truth. A man is happy and influential generally because he is following out, working out his "tendency," his proclivity, his life preference.

Here is my sole excuse for writing this hasty article: Our education for the next century must take these facts more into consideration. Imparting information is not enough. Intellectual brightness is inadequate. A single standard of diploma excellence falls short. Beneath these commendable efforts at enriching human nature are the fundamental problems I have indicated.

We must have training. Temper, temperament and tendency must be dealt with from the start. We need ability, not simply accomplishments, in the manhood and woomanhood of our wide land. The home must begin. Let it turn from social and business engrossments, so inimical to child care and child nurture, and give the needed attention now found lacking in home training. Personal love and oversight are worth far more than systems and schemes. "Let knowledge grow from more to more," but in similar fullness let educational wisdom extend her power, comprehending in her vision the making of the complete character and the complete citizen.

The life of Francis Parkman, the historian, just published, contains a highly interesting portrayal of character growth. Prominent in the working out of results was the idea I have described. A quotation from Mr. Parkman may fitly close this argument: "The man who knows himself, understands his own powers and aptitudes, forms purposes in accord with them, and pursues these purposes steadily, is the man of success. He who takes no account of his own nature, makes his will the father of his thought, shuts his eyes to unwelcome truths, and turns from the good within his reach to strain after the unattainable, is predestined to vexation and failure."

of the 19th century. This to be printed in 1899. as a memorial 141

Ecclesiastical relations (p. 234)

Jan. 23 I attended a meeting of the Association by particular request. It seems that so early as last Sept. at a meeting at Patriarchs the A. thought proper to discuss the affairs of myself & my book. The discussion was continued from time to time. But once, in December I think, or the latter part of Nov. some feel a delicacy in discussing such a matter in my absence. Therefore they wished & sent to request me to come & talk the matter over with them in a friendly way. So I came. The Ass. met at R. C. Waterstons in Temple Street. & what follows is a faithful history of the events that took place. A

See note A. p. 251. After tea, which was got through at 6 o'clock after 7. Dr Barnard called the meeting to order & with a considerable degree of embarrassment stated the business of the meeting. Dr Nottingham followed him & also stated the occasion, the circumstances that gave rise to the meeting. viz that the Ass. felt a delicacy in discussing me & mine in my absence. He said he hoped the Ass. had felt a delicacy in asking me to come for I was my place without invitation, & the invitation might look like a humiliation. Then the Rev. gent. last meeting was produced by Mr Robbins & the resolution - inviting me, was read: it was said the resolution was treated with great care, & debated on some time before adoption. B.

See Note B. p. 251. Then preliminaries settled Dr Jr. opened the business by way in Nubibus as stating hence before hand that 1. I was not to catechise them, nor 2d nor 3d to catechise me. Then he said that he could have no ministerial intercourse with me - tho still he hoped to have a friendly official intercourse. The reason was the XX & other Bk I had written. That he charged with 2 offences 1 It was heterodox, leading to error in the worst sense. & 2. It was not orthodox XX. but heterodox

PARKER'S ECCLESIASTICAL RELATIONS.

(1842–43)

THE following passage in Parker's Journal for 1843 is marked in his handwriting, "To be printed in 1899, as a memorial of the 19th Century." Although much of it was published by Weiss in his first volume of Parker's "Life and Correspondence," it seems to be my duty as executor to print it now, with the names inserted.

November, 1900. F. B. SANBORN.

"January 23, 1843. I attended a meeting of the Association* by particular request. Present, Rev'd Drs. Parkman and Frothingham; Rev. Messrs. C. Robbins, Lothrop, Barrett, Bartol, F. T. Gray, Waterston, Gannett, Young, Smith, Coolidge, Shackford, Sargent, Alger, G. E. Ellis, Lambert, Putnam, Hale, Lunt, (Parker). Absent, Rev'd Drs. Pierce, Gray, Greenwood and Lowell; Rev. Messrs. Pierpont, Angier, Cunningham and Huntington. The Association met at R. C. Waterston's in Temple Street. It seems that so early as last September, at a meeting at Rev. George Putnam's, the Association thought proper to discuss the affairs of myself and my book. The discussion was continued from time to time. But once, (in December, I think, or the latter part of November), some felt a delicacy in discussing such a matter in my absence. Therefore they considered it meet to request me to come and talk the matter over with them in a friendly way; so I came.

After tea, which was got through a little after 6, Dr. Parkman called the meeting to order, and, with a considerable degree of embarrassment, stated the business. Dr. Frothingham followed, and also stated the occasion, the circumstances that gave rise to the meeting; viz. that the Association felt a delicacy in discussing me and mine in my absence. However, he said, he and the Association had felt a difficulty in asking me to come; for it was my place without invitation, and, 2, the invitation might look like a summons. (The record of the last meeting was then read). These preliminaries settled, Dr. Frothingham opened the business by going *in medias res;* stating, however, beforehand, that I was not to catechise them, nor were they to catechise me.

Then he said that he could have no *ministerial* intercourse with me, though still he hoped to have a *friendly* and *social* intercourse; the reason was, the character of the book I had written. That he charged me with two offenses: 1. It was *vehemently Deistical*, using the word in the worst sense. 2. It was not only *not Christian*, but *subversive* of Christianity as a particular religion; for it *aimed to dissolve Christianity in the great ocean of absolute truth.*

*Boston Association of Unitarian Ministers.

Then Dr. Parkman took up the word, and spoke of ministerial exchanges again; he said also that the "book"† was not the only offence, but the (Dial) article on the Hollis Street Council was also bad, for it reflected on the members of the Association. He confirmed what Dr. F. had said relative to the book, but added that *the doctrines of the book were not a matter of discussion*, and that it had been so agreed at a former meeting. Then I said it seemed there were two sets of offences, I was charged withal, to wit, 1, in the book. 2, in the article on the H. S. Council. To each I would say a word; but first of all,

I. *On the matter of Ministerial Fellowship.* I begged them to consider that I had never complained on that account, never felt an ill-natured emotion, not uttered an ill-natured word respecting them, or any of them, on that ground. I would, however, tell the result of their refusing fellowship, viz.: 1. Soon after the South Boston sermon, men refused to exchange with me. I had some very curious letters in my hands relative to that affair, which might be printed after my death—or before it, some from clergymen refusing to exchange with me, that agreed to do so before. The result was this: Some members of churches in the city asked me to come and deliver five lectures on five subjects. I pleaded youth, inability—and refused. They would not be satisfied with the plea; they said, "you are excluded from the pulpits of Unitarians for no sufficient reason; we want to hear what you have got to say. We can't hear you in the old way—let us try a new one." I consulted two ministers; they said "Go," so I went; delivered the lectures in Boston and five other places, before some thousands of people, and printed them in a book. 2. In 1842, some young men repeated the same arguments, and asked me to come and preach continually, old sermons, every Sunday evening. I thought it better to preach six sermons, such as are needed for the times. I did so, in Boston; they saw the result. Others, in other places, made the same request. I went there also. That was the effect on the public of their treatment of me; on myself it had no effect.

II. I turned to the book, and said it was curious that a theological book was to be discussed, and we were not allowed to speak on the subjects of the book, and discuss the doctrines on which we differ or are alleged to differ. (I had stated at the beginning that I did not see any good that could result from that meeting). However, I would avoid touching doctrines so far as possible. Then I proceeded to the first charge made by Dr. F. that my book was *Deistical*, and said that I knew but little of the Deists, but, so far as I knew anything, there were four classes, named by Dr. Sam. Clark, in a book familiar to all of them. But *all Deists deny the possibility of direct inspiration from God.* Therefore, as Inspiration was a cardinal point in my system, and I maintained that all men were inspired just in proportion to their *quantity of Being*, and their *quantity of obedience*, I did not come under the caption; or, if I am a Deist, I must be put in a class by myself alone, and then it was arbitrary to call me by a name that did not describe my belief.

Then I proceeded to the second charge of Dr. F., viz.: That the book *was subversive of Christianity.* I said that, though an author's opinion of his own work was of no value to others, yet I sincerely thought it was a most Christian book. Christianity

†Discourse of Religion.

is one of three things — either, 1, less than Absolute Religion; 2, equal to Absolute Religion, or 3, Absolute Religion and something more. No one, I would assume, admits the first proposition. I affirmed the second, and they the third. Therefore, if they would point out the precise *quiddity* that made Absolute Religion and Christianity, they would do a great service. Other sects defined the shibboleth of Christianity to their mind; but the Unitarians had no symbolical books. Therefore a young man like myself, and not learned, found a difficulty. I ended by asking Dr. F. to tell just what it was in which Christianity differed from Absolute Religion. He replied: "But I will remind Mr. Parker that he is not to catechise me."

III. I spoke of the article on the Hollis Street Council, and said it was no wonder different men took different views of that affair. I could not expect them to take the same view as myself. Mr. Gannett then said that in that article I held up the Council to the scorn and derision of mankind — representing them as a set of hypocrites and double-dealing knaves: that I called the "Result in Council" a "Jesuitical document." As he was one of the Council, and one that drew up the "Result," so he contended that I had traduced him, representing him as a double-dealing and base man; that I had undertaken to weaken his influence and ruin his character with the world, and his own congregation, as far as my influence went; that I had done so. This kind of charge he continued at length, in language and manner which are peculiar to him. I then replied that I was not answerable for the inference which other men drew, only for the fact of what I had written.

One man said I slandered the brethren in the sermon "of Pharisees;" another, in the conclusion of the South Boston sermon; and now Mr. Gannett that I held him up to scorn in the article of the Hollis Street Council. I was not accountable for their inferences. Mr. Ellis then said that he *did* consider that I meant the Association in the "Pharisees," and in the South Boston sermon. An "Orthodox gentleman in the country" said to him, "You have madded Parker, and in this way he shows his spite. He is in your confidence and knows what you talk about in the Association, and tells your secrets." To which I replied that, as it regards the "spite," the facts spoke; the "madding" began in May, 1841 — the sermon was written December, 1840. The "Pharisees" spoke of six classes of Pharisees — nobody complained but the ministers. I should be ashamed to say that I meant no personalities in either the "Pharisees" or the South Boston sermon.

Then says Gannett, "Since Mr. Parker will not say he did not mean us, I will take it for granted that he does, etc." He then enlarged more on the Hollis Street Council article. I replied that, if need were, I would condescend to say that I meant no particular and definite persons or body of men in either sermon, but aimed to expose sin and Pharisaism wherever they were — if in the Association, then there. But I had no individuals before my mind. The article on the Council stood on different ground, and there it was plain who were meant. I had nothing to alter or add in that.

Someone then said, "You called the 'Result in Council' a 'Jesuitical document,'" — another, "You brought together a great deal of matter about ecclesiastical councils, and about cowards and knaves and hypocrites. It meant somebody; I suppose it meant

us. I did not read it very carefully, for I disliked it so much. To be sure, you treat the writers of the New Testament in about the same way, and you said the Apostle St. James "roars like a fanatic radical." Then someone said "You quoted the words of somebody, 'Expect no justice of the Council' as if you endorse them." I told them I did not endorse them, since, as the words of a grave and wise man, they require no endorsement of mine.‡ "But you applied them as if you expected no justice." I did so then, and do now. I expected no justice from the Council at the time I wrote. I thought the "Result" a most Jesuitical document; I think so still.

I then added that I did not wish to write the article — asked others to do so — they refused. I consulted several persons, telling them the view I should express; (three of them were present, but I did not say so); they said, "Go on." I wrote carefully, deliberately, conscientiously. I told one clergyman, who had no affinity with me — a man older than any there, distinguished for good sense and piety — what I had said before I printed it. He said "You are right; say it, in God's name." I read it to another, who had little theological affinity with me; he said, "Well, it aint much, after all, for you to write, and I have but this criticism to make — that you have been too severe on Mr. Pierpont, and not half severe enough on the Council."

Then said Gannett, "Well, Mr. Parker can't disown what he has said. If he is conscientious, as no doubt he is, we can't ask him to do so. I will say that I freely and from my heart forgive him, as I hope God Almighty will forgive me; but I can never grasp him by the hand again, cordially. Let us leave this subject and proceed to the book." He then said that, as I had asked what was to be added to Absolute Religion to make it Christianity, he would add the Miracles, the authority of Christ — which I did not acknowledge.

To this I replied, "I make Christianity to be love to man and God; and admitting miracles were performed (for argument's sake) I did not see how they affected the case — making that true and a duty which was not so before, or changing what was a fact, true, and a duty. But, further than that, I did not believe the fact of his working miracles, as a general thing. I was by no means certain that the Four Gospels came from the men to whom they are ascribed; and if they did, I could not take their word in the circumstances of the case. I had no philosophical objection to a miracle, in my definition of it; but only demanded more evidence than for a common event."

Then some one said that was enough; it was plain I was no Christian, for Christianity was a supernatural and miraculous revelation. To which I said, That might be — but it had not been shown to be such. (Frothingham maintained that I was a Deist, and cited the case of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, as believing in direct inspiration, and telling such an inspiration in proof of something. To that I made no reply). Then I said, It seemed preposterous to make miracles the shibboleth of Christianity. Each sect had its own shibboleth — the Trinitarians the Trinity; the Catholics the Church, etc. Nobody accused me of preaching less than absolute morality and religion; if *they* could be without Christianity, what was the use of Christianity? I thought it a mistake to make Absolute Religion one thing, and Christianity something different.

‡Said to have been Rev. Henry Ware, Jr.

Then someone said, "It is plain we cannot have ministerial intercourse with *Mr.* Parker," (the term *Brother* Parker was dropt after Gannett said he could not grasp my hand cordially) "he denies the miracles."

I said that I did not think it depended on that; it was only a theological matter at best. The difference began before the article, before the "Discourse of Religion;" theological lines were drawn immediately after the South Boston sermon. I had a collection of curious letters on that theme, which I might publish one day. I was at first surprised at the effect that sermon had on the Unitarian ministers. I thought the sermon a poor thing; I was sick when I wrote it. I read it to a friend before preaching, who said it was the weakest thing I had written for a long time. I looked round to see who would stand by me in the pulpit, and I had not been disappointed in general. I knew the ministers pretty well. But in two— Here somebody interrupted me, and Dr. Frothingham brought me back to the point. "Mr. P. says there are *two things* — I want to hear that." I replied that I had not been disappointed in general. But in two *persons* I had been disappointed — grievously disappointed. (Frothingham's face fell — for I looked full upon him as I said it. However, he soon recovered — or I should have told him he was not one of the two).

Then said Chandler Robbins, "Since Mr. Parker finds the feeling in regard to him so general, I think it is his duty to withdraw from the Association." Others spoke to the same purpose: I hurt their usefulness, compromised their position, etc. I told them that if my personal feelings alone were concerned I would gladly do so; but as the right of free inquiry was concerned, "while the world standeth I will never do so." The matter was then discussed at length. Dr. F. said, "If it were a meeting of free inquirers, he should very soon withdraw." I stated that theological agreement in all things was not necessary to our union, and quoted the case of Dr. Freeman, for many years a member of the Association,— who never exchanged with him. Dr. F. replied the case was not in point, for many others of that Association were not Trinitarians! "Indeed," said I, "did they say so?" Then Frothingham said: "But the difference between Trinitarian and Unitarian is a difference *in* Christianity; the difference between Mr. Parker and the Association is a difference between no Christianity and Christianity." Then Gannett said they did not deny that I was a Christian man, but only that the book is a Christian book,— assuming it as it was, on account of the miracles being rejected.

Then it was urged that I should not now be admitted to the Association, when my opinions are known; and, therefore, that I either had changed my opinions since I came, or came with the opinions not known to the Association; in either case that I ought to withdraw. I replied that I was not examined as to my opinions on admission, and was not asked to promise never to change. If I did them an injury they had the remedy in their hands, and could pass a vote of expulsion any time. But it was a new thing that the shibboleth of Christianity among the Unitarians was miracles. A few years ago it was said in the Association that formerly Christianity was thought to rest on two great pillars,— Jachin and Boaz, Prophecy and Miracles; Dr. Noyes knocked down Jachin, and George Ripley, Boaz,— yet Christianity stood. If I

remembered right, it was Dr. Frothingham who said so. "True," said the Doctor, "I do remember something about Jachin and Boaz; but I did not say I was one of those who said Christianity did not rest on the two; still less did I say that G. Ripley had knocked the miracles down."

So they talked much more to the same effect. At last, a little before 9, Bartol spoke in praise of my sincerity, which some had called in question,—spoke many words of moral approbation. So likewise did Gannett,—at length and with his usual earnestness. Then Chandler Robbins opened his mouth to the same purpose. I burst into tears,—shook hands with Waterston, and left the room. Going below, in the entry I met Dr. Frothingham, who had gone out a little before, he shook hands with me with apparent cordiality; hoped I would call and see him, etc. So the matter ended, and the bells struck 9 as I left the house.

I ought to mention one thing more, viz., that Waterston, in course of the discussion, said that I dipped my pen in gall when I wrote, and my razor in oil. Parkman, Gannett and Frothingham were the chief speakers; while Putnam, Ellis, Robbins, Lunt, Young and Waterston all said more or less. Young and Dr. Frothingham and Gannett at times seemed to be very angry: but they took great pains to keep cool. The expression on Young's face when I reaffirmed my censure of the Hollis Street Council, and again, when I refused to withdraw from the Association, were such as I never saw surpassed in malignity in any human face,—and I have seen strange things in that way, too.

To this should be added the following note, made in May, 1842: "The character of Dr. Follen was deep, sensitive and beautiful. He had a religious genius; most of the New Englanders have a moral talent; but very few have, or understand, what I call religious genius. Henry Ware, Jr., has much of it; Dr. Channing less; Walker, Francis, Gannett, Pierpont, Dewey,—none at all, so to say. No more has old Dr. Ware or Beecher. They have all religious talent. Dr. Follen was not a great man. Had he the intellectual merit of some of the above, he would have made his story tell,—spite of the cold and the selfish. I admire the beautiful simplicity of the man,—his exquisite faith and simplicity. How could a calculating New Englander understand his gentle sympathy and quiet spirit?"

JESUS, there is no dearer name than Thine,
Which Time has blazoned on his mighty scroll;
No wreaths or garlands ever did entwine
So fair a temple of so vast a soul.
There every virtue set his triumph seal;
Wisdom conjoined with strength and radiant grace,
In a sweet copy Heaven to reveal,
And stamp perfection on a mortal face;
Once on the earth wert Thou, before men's eyes,
That did not half Thy beauteous brightness see;
E'en as the emmet does not read the skies,
Nor our weak orbs look through Immensity.
Once on the earth wert thou, a living shrine,
Where dwelt the good, the lovely, the divine.

THEODORE PARKER.

December, 1836.

WEST ROXBURY SCHOOLS.

IN writing a brief account of the Schools of West Roxbury, it does not seem desirable to go back of about the middle of the century, except to say that one Grammar, and three small Primary schools had been maintained for some years previous to 1857.

The Grammar School had consisted of two departments, one taught by the Principal and the other by a Lady Assistant.

The school had been taught during the later preceding years by Messrs. George B. Hyde, who subsequently taught for many years in Roxbury and Boston; Mr. Sawyer, who afterwards established a Commercial School in Boston; Dr. Barstow, who later had something of a reputation as a specialist in surgery; Charles L. Flint, who for many years held the office of Secretary of the State Agricultural Society, and Thomas Metcalf, who spent most of his remaining years in the Normal schools of St. Louis, Mo., and Bloomington, Ill.

The school house was located at the corner of Church and Center streets, and the district covered the territory from Mount Hope to the Dedham line, and from Hyde Park to Newton and Brookline, corresponding, geographically, with what was then considered the First Parish.

When Mr. Nutter became Principal of the school, in May, 1857, the number of pupils was about seventy, nearly equally divided between him and the assistant.

The school house was originally a one-story wooden building, but had been raised up and another story built under it to provide room for the assistant, and was afterwards moved to Roslindale and again elevated so that it is now a three-story building furnishing room for a store and two halls.

As many of the pupils came long distances and remained between the sessions, and as there was no drinking water on the school premises, the Principal made an appeal to the committee for a well and a pump, which were granted during the autumn. This was generally acknowledged an improvement on previous conditions.

When winter came the house was found to be very cold and uncomfortable, and as it did not improve during the next two winters the desirability of a new house began to be talked of, which very soon made it evident that many of the people were very strongly attached to their long cherished institutions. The old school house had been good enough for them and their children, and a new house was not needed. So argued many, but not all.

An article in the warrant for town meeting asking for an appropriation for a new school house in the Westerly District was the occasion of a somewhat lengthy and very animated discussion, which resulted in a vote to build two houses, one at South street (now Roslindale), and one at West Roxbury, and $5000 was appropriated for each by the town.

OLD CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

PRIMARY SCHOOL.

OLD TAVERN

Building committees were appointed and plans were drawn for two similar two-story, pitch-roofed buildings, which it was estimated could be built within the appropriation, but some of the citizens of West Roxbury were not quite satisfied with the plan, and one of them offered to advance a thousand dollars if the plans could be changed and a French roof added. Having obtained the consent of the School Committee and Selectmen to the change, the building committee built the house on Mt. Vernon street, with the novel condition of a public school house owned in part by the town and in part by private citizens. A year or two later the town voted to pay the balance and become sole owner.

In the Spring of 1862 the new schools were organized, the one at West Roxbury being named the Mt. Vernon, and the one at Roslindale the Florence Street School.

The former was in charge of Mr. Nutter, as principal, with an assistant; and the latter in charge of a lady. The number of pupils in the Mt. Vernon was, at first, about seventy-five, and increased very slowly for a number of years; while the Florence Street commenced with about forty, but in a year or two, in consequence of a more rapid growth of the village, began a more marked increase that has continued to the present time.

The lady principal resigned after a year or two, and Mr. L. P. Forbush became principal, continued a few years, and resigned to engage in mechanical business.

Mr. Artemas Wiswall was chosen his successor and continued for some years at the head of the school, during which time the increased numbers called for a new school house, and the Charles Sumner building was ready for occupancy in the early part of 1877. Mr. Wiswall was succeeded a few years since by Mr. F. H. Ripley who was, after a short time, placed at the head of a new school, th Longfellow, established to accommodate the increased number of children in the Charles Sumner district, where he is still master; and Mr. L. P. Howard, the present master, was chosen to fill the vacancy.

Mr. Nutter resigned the principalship of the Mt. Vernon at the close of the year 1888, and was succeeded by Mr. J. C. Ryder, who was transferred to the Roxbury High School, thence to the Brighton High; Mr. J. W. Brown, who was made master of the Emerson; and Mr. W. E. C. Rich, the present master of the Robert G. Shaw.

The Grammar schools have increased from 70 pupils to about 1500, and the Primaries have made a corresponding growth.

The graduates of the Grammar schools have, during the time, enjoyed the advantages of the High School at Jamaica Plain, and, since annexation, of the various High schools of the city.

[The above facts were contributed by Mr. ABNER J. NUTTER]

TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

RIVER! that in silence windest
  Through the meadows, bright and free,
Till at length thy rest thou findest
  In the bosom of the sea!

Four long years of mingled feeling,
  Half in rest and half in strife,
I have seen thy waters stealing
  Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River!
  Many a lesson, deep and long;
Thou hast been a generous giver;
  I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness,
  I have watched thy current glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness
  Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,
  When I saw thy waters gleam,
I have felt my heart beat lighter,
  And leap onward with thy stream.

Not for this alone I love thee,
  Nor because thy waves of blue
From celestial seas above thee
  Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,
  And thy waters disappear,
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,
  And have made thy margin dear.

More than this — thy name reminds me
  Of three friends, all true and tried;
And that name, like magic, binds me
  Closer, closer to thy side.

Friends my soul with joy remembers!
  How like quivering flames they start,
When I fan the living embers
  On the hearthstone of my heart.

'Tis for this, thou silent river!
  That my spirit leans to thee;
Thou hast been a generous giver.
  Take this idle song from me.

Vine Rock Bridge, Charles River.

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A STORY OF FORTON PRISON.

By Edward Everett Hale, D. D.

THOSE of you who have had grandfathers or great-grandfathers, who were taken prisoners of war when they were cruising in American privateers, have heard, I do not doubt, of the prison of Forton in England. It was in this prison that the American prisoners taken at sea were kept. And a very hard time they had of it, until Franklin was at last able to arrange that they should be exchanged for prisoners taken by Jones and others from English ships.

One of the prisoners in Forton, who remained there eighteen months or more, was Capt. Lee, of Marblehead. The privateers of Salem, Marblehead and Beverly were the terror of all Englishmen who sailed upon the seas; but in some adventure, which I need not tell here, Capt. Lee, of Marblehead, was overmatched, and so had been carried into England with his crew, and was imprisoned at Forton. Exchanges were not then easy, for the English government had not at first decided on its course about exchange.

One day, after poor Capt. Lee had lingered there a year and a half, he was called to the door, and told that a gentleman wished to see him. This gentleman proved to be a man of military air, who took Capt. Lee into a corner, and pressed into his hand, privately, a purse, which proved to contain seventy-five guineas. With equal privacy, he said to him that with a part of the money he must buy, before night, from some of the attendants, the dress of one of the prison workmen, and that, when the relief came round, he must be in an out-of-the-way place where he could fall in with the relief in the twilight, and pass outside the prison proper unobserved. "But to go out of the whole enclosure," said his friend, "you will need to know the countersign." And so he whispered to him the countersign of the day. Capt. Lee asked who it was whom he was indebted to, but the stranger would not tell him.

All fell out just as this good fairy had said. Some loafer among the workmen was not proof to the temptation of a few bright guineas; and, as night came on, Capt. Lee clothed himself in the suit of clothes which he had bought. He fell in with the relief, and no one observed him. He came to one and another sentinel who challenged him, and he "approached! and gave the countersign!" He passed out into the dark town; and there he was puzzled about the street, when he met again his friend of the morning. This gentleman congratulated him on his liberty, put him into a carriage which was in waiting, and sent him to a seaport, whence he could take passage for France.

The whole experience was as great a wonder to Capt. Lee as if the stranger had been an angel sent from heaven, as, in a certain sense, he was. Heaven is very apt to send as its messengers the persons who have been moved by kindness done to them.

It proved afterwards that the mysterious stranger was no less a person than Gen. Burgoyne. He also had been a prisoner of war. While he was at Cambridge, in Massachusetts, he had been under the immediate charge of Col. Lee, who was Capt. Lee's brother. When Burgoyne was exchanged, he had promised Col. Lee, for whose kindness to him he was grateful, that he would render any service in his power to the prisoner at Forton. Col. Lee had intrusted to him the seventy-five guineas which he had delivered to Capt. Lee, and it was he who had whispered the valuable countersign to him.

THEODORE PARKER.

Pastor of First Parish, West Roxbury.
Minister of 28th Congregational Society, Boston.

THEODORE PARKER'S great work as a religious and moral reformer in the stormy days that preceded the war, and the boldness and integrity of his preaching have concealed from the eyes of the world his office, which he prized no less, as the pastor of a religious home.

Owing to the novelty of his views, and the eloquence and earnestness with which he advocated them, as well as his great power of familiar illustration, which won the attention and secured the understanding of those whose thinking had been of experience rather than of books, it is true that the large audience which gathered every Sunday morning to listen to his words, was in part composed of strangers who came out of curiosity and interest only, from all parts of the country, and whose connection with the society was only temporary. But within this outer circle was a band of devoted adherents and friends who formed a strong social bond whose ties have never been broken, so that to-day the phrase "I am an old Parkerite" is a passport at once to affection and regards. Mr. Parker returned this feeling most warmly. To the sick or sad among them he was as tender and helpful as if there were no slaves to be watched over and freed from peril, no theologians to combat with eloquence and learning, no struggling cause for humanity to be served with unflinching zeal.

For the first time (to my knowledge) in Protestant worship, flowers were introduced into the service as an expression of the beauty and love which should accompany it. They were first brought by two young maidens on the day of installation, and the reverent tenderness with which he touched the blossoms and drew from them a lesson of hope and truth established their use henceforth as a perpetual custom. The ladies made an arrangement by which one of their number took the care of providing them during the Winter season, and when Spring came, the walks in wood and field were made sweet to the young girls by the thought that the flowers would meet their pastor's loving eye. It was not a little thing to a city congregation that the Violet and the Columbine, the Magnolia, the Laurel and the Pond Lily, were often seen on the desk for the first time in the season, and Mr. Parker very seldom failed to speak of them and draw from them some apt illustration of his theme. On one occasion when he went a hundred miles to perform a funeral service for a beloved friend, he gathered gentians from the brook near the house, and wrote afterwards to his parishioner: "The gentians were placed on the pulpit and you were not forgotten in prayer or sermon."

When he lectured in a manufacturing town, one of the mill hands said to his employer: "I thought your Mr. Parker was a great gun. I understood every word he said." But some of his hearers objected to his homely illustrations. When, in a ser-

Theodore Parker.

After a portrait in J. W. Chadwick's "Life of Theodore Parker," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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mon, he had spoken of the revelations of truth in the flowers and grass, and of toads as prophets of the weather, an old woman, on coming out, was heard to mutter : "Well, I never heard before that toads was prophets and grass was revelations."

The flowers did not close their ministry at the meeting, but were taken immediately afterwards to gladden the heart of some sick person or lonely invalid who could not attend the service. Most often they were taken to the wife of our St. John, who sat bound to her chair by paralysis, but whose heart and mind were full of life and love. On a sweet Summer Sunday in the quiet noontide, her husband and Mr. Parker might be seen carrying her chair around the now quiet streets to his house, that she might see his library and enter into his home life.

All the excitement of the pursuit of Wm. Crafts, the hunted slave, did not prevent Mr. Parker from going every day in person to inquire for the condition of one of his parishioners, a young girl lying ill with typhoid fever.

Mr. Parker came into the church with slow, quiet step, and before the service commenced sat looking thoughtfully out upon the great congregation gathered to hear him. He seemed to know from their faces every thought of their hearts and every sorrow of their lives, and then he poured out their longing in those deep prayers of thanksgiving, of contrition, and of petition for the great spiritual blessings of life, which melted the hearts of his hearers into one united prayer. Sometimes a personal note blended in the strain, and you felt the struggle of his own heart in the prayer.

Two of his hearers took stenographic reports of his prayers, which were published, and which have been a blessing to many a struggling soul. The late Frances Willard told me that the book lay upon her mother's table and was constantly used by her. His friend and parishioner, Abby May, once recommended to a friend to note the time of year on which the prayer was uttered, and gave her a list of the several days on which he gave special thanks for the blessings appropriate to the season. She said she had herself gained insight into their fullness of meaning from this practice.

Mr. Parker's great heart made him the most tender and sympathetic of friends in the time of sorrow.

"Oh, thou great friend to all the sons of men,"

may well be said of him. He came to me — a young girl, a stranger to him — when I was overwhelmed by the death of a very dear sister. He left me changed in spirit, brave to live on and feeling sure of his help forevermore. It never failed me in any time of struggle. This vast power of intelligent sympathy made his funeral services most helpful and most memorable. I remember occasions of peculiar interest. A young girl of the parish who died of consumption, was betrothed to a young German physician of great worth, but who, by the severity of the bigots of his own country, had been driven into bitter opposition to all religious faith. Overwhelmed with grief, it was hard for him to part from the mortal remains of her he loved, but he listened eagerly to the tender words of Mr. Parker as he spoke of the fatherly love of God which still protected her and opened to her a future of renewed life. The young man afterwards said, "Mr. Parker did not speak as if he believed these things, but as if he knew them."

When our beloved Dr. Flagg so suddenly passed away, a pall of desolation seemed to fall upon us as we thought of the last act as his own despair of life. But Mr. Parker cleared away all the dark vision; he briefly reviewed a life most sincere and benevolent, and then added, "When the frame became weak the brain tottered, and he became immortal."

One of his devoted parishioners had lost a son who in life, from mental deficiency, had seemed of little value to himself or anybody else. What could be said to comfort her who sorrowed as mothers do over their most unfortunate children? He began by speaking of the great truths which were the basis of all hope,—"the fatherhood of God and the immortality of the human soul;" and then, not shrinking from the painful truth, he said "that no man died to his harm, that the little life of this young man had broadened out into the fullness of the life of Eternity. All his little joys had expanded into richness; but his life here was not all sad; he had his pleasures, and chief of all he lived in the sunshine of his mother's love."

But his kindness and help were not confined to his parish. One day a note was handed to him addressed to "The Infidel Preacher at the Melodeon." The writer told of her distress, and that she had applied in vain to many societies, but had been rejected by all on account of the restrictions of their church, but somebody told her "that the Infidels helped everybody." Mr. Parker went to see her and told her "that we did not call ourselves infidels, that we tried to be Christians." After some talk he inquired into her circumstances and finding she was a cook, he made the practical suggestion that a good cook could be sure of a living, since man would always want to eat and would like good eating too. He was successful in placing her where her talents were appreciated and her poverty relieved. Not less was his kindness to that most trying of all womankind, Abby Folsom, whom Mrs. Child rightly called "the flea of conventions." She persistently appeared at church and in the beginning interrupted the preacher by a question. His nerves were strained to such an extent by watching her as she sat ready to spring upon him, that at first he answered emphatically, "No!" but recollecting himself instantly he said, "Come to me in private and I will tell you anything." He so far prevailed upon her that she promised him she would not speak during the service, but the moment the benediction was pronounced she would rise up and begin a harangue. At a sign from Mr. Parker the organist played the sub-bass with full power and her voice was drowned. But he was her good friend in private and helped her when her furniture was put out on the sidewalk for unpaid rent, and in every time of trouble. He always said she was a good Christian woman, though he certainly would have been inclined, like St. Paul, "to have *one woman* keep silence in the churches."

He was from the first an advocate of Woman's Suffrage and invited Antoinette Brown to preach when a young beginner. I think Lucretia Mott spoke for him also.

Mr. Parker was the most reliable of men, and was always faithful to his promise in small as in great things. A member of his parish asked him to come and see her, and he replied: "Yes, I will come; I will come in October." Realizing how very busy a man he was, she was not surprised that the month was nearly gone and he had not

appeared, when on a very cold day, the very last of the month, a ring announced a visitor, and there was Mr. Parker. Her little girl was on the door-step crying because she had just been given mittens to keep her hands warm instead of the gloves which she desired. Mr. Parker sympathized with and consoled her, but said, "why, mittens are good to keep the hands warm — I wear mittens," and showed them. That was enough; if the great Mr. Parker wore mittens, certainly she could.

The congregation rallied about him with every possible help. The policemen furnished him with facts for his sermons. One anecdote told of him awakens the memory of the noble band of women who surrounded him. Being in New York, he was asked the usual American question, "How do you like New York?" "Very much," was the reply. "Isn't it a fine city?" "Oh yes," he said. "But don't you like it better than Boston?" "It's certainly larger, but somehow, I miss my glorious phalanx of old maids."

A glorious phalanx they were indeed. There were the Misses Thayer, sisters three, all now gone to their rest, who lived upon his word. One of them, Miss Caroline Thayer, was a profound student of history, and she made all her reading helpful to Mr. Parker, supplying him with facts and references for whatever subject he was studying. Hannah Stevenson, to whom he often read his sermons for her careful literary criticism, was another; and Sarah Hunt, and most precious of all, Matilda Goddard, the saint who saved thousands of poor children, and who preserved for us his prayers as they fell from his lips.

The young women met at his house on Saturdays for a so-called Bible class, and very shy they were of expressing their thoughts in his presence. But he took up their stammering utterances and gave them so much meaning that the speaker was surprised and cheered to find she had said so good a thing, and even when some poor bewildered soul asked strange questions which almost shook the self-control of the young girls, I can well remember the deep, quiet tone with which he responded with his earnest conviction of the truth of what she meant, rather than said. When she asked, "what is that strange power which makes a woman cling to her love even in guilt and shame," he replied, "I cannot explain it." "But you believe in it?" "Indeed I do," and no one smiled, but all looked respectfully and earnestly upon the poor woman who thus revealed her deepest heart.

It has been well said "the noblest man is best known by his attitude towards woman." By Mr. Parker's side, true through all his troubles, revering him without stint, loving him without fear, stood one of the gentlest and sweetest of women. Not his peer in intellect, he recognized in her the gift of intuitive insight and the perfection of moral purity and truth. Timid and self-distrustful she did not fill the public place which belonged to the wife of such a man, but in the home she was a never failing warmth and light. Speaking of her judgment of character, Mr. Parker once said to me, "I flatter myself that I am a pretty good judge of character, but my perceptions are like the hoof of an ox to the delicate finger with which she judges every person." An artist said that when drawing her picture "he felt that he had been with the angels," so pure and true and free from all guile was her look and presence. Life had its deep trials for them, but how precious were those last days when withdrawn by illness from outside

work, he rested in her constant love and never wearying care, and they knew that perfect communion which is a foretaste of heaven.

On one occasion, Mr. Parker's friend, the accomplished botanist, John L. Russell, was speaking at the society picnic, and with his usual keen appreciation of nature he dwelt on the beauty of the leaf and its significance in the vegetable economy. "Show me a leaf," he said, "and I can tell you what kind of a tree it has come from, and so," he said, turning to the pastor at his side, "show me the men and women of a congregation and I can tell you what manner of man has ministered to them." Theodore Parker's ministry was not confined to those whose privilege was to listen to him from Sunday to Sunday. Letters came from all over the country asking his advice and sympathy and help, and he answered them all with thoughtful, loving words.

On one occasion he received a letter from a Quaker in the West. It began somewhat formally: "Friend Parker," and spoke of the help and strength which the writer had gained from his published sermons with great gratitude. The letter broke off abruptly, and some days later it was resumed. "Dear Theodore, we have just returned from the funeral of our eldest child, and our hearts turn to you in love, and longing for your sympathy and help." I remember his telling me of this touching letter with eyes full of moisture, and the response went to the very heart of the bereaved parents.

Many years afterward I met the family of this friend in the West, and found them cherishing his memory as that of a saint of consolation. I went with some of them to the old church in West Roxbury, left bare and desolate on the hillside, and they gathered sacred memorials to take to their distant home.

When the fatal hour of death came in the land where he sought for health, how hard was the struggle in the hearts of his parishioners to give up the precious privilege of having the worn-out body laid in his old home, but they yielded to the necessity of the case. They met, however, for a memorial service on the 17th of June, dear to his patriotic heart. Anticipating a crowded house, the nearest friends went early to the Music Hall and sat quietly until the opening of the exercises. The preacher was dead, but the walls still echoed to the words he had spoken. The flowers covered the desk; his hand would press them no more, but they spoke to our very hearts. The Lilies of the Valley, withered indeed, still reminded us that they were the last flowers he had touched, as his disciple and friend, Frances Power Cobb, brought them to his dying grasp. The words of true friends, the passages from Scripture, the favorite hymns so often heard from his voice, selected by himself, all seemed to bring his presence before us. We sat in rapt communion unwilling to leave the place where he had so often ministered to us.

In other lands, in other times, with less splendid intellectual gifts, he might not have been the eloquent preacher, the brave reformer, the martyr that he was, but in every time had he lived and spoken, he would have been the faithful teacher, the tender and loving friend, "the true shepherd whose flock knoweth him, and he goeth before them, and they follow him, for they know his voice."

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*Nathaniel Walter	July 10, 1734, to March 11, 1776
Thomas Abbot	September 29, 1773, to March 10, 1783
*John Bradford	May 30, 1785, to January 27, 1825
*John Flagg	February 2, 1825, to March 14, 1831
George Whitney	June 15, 1831, to February, 1836
Theodore Parker	June 21, 1837, to February 8, 1846
Dexter Clapp	December 20, 1848, to November 23, 1851
Edmund B. Wilson	July 18, 1852, to May, 1859
T. B. Forbush	July 1, 1863, to May 8, 1868
Augustus M. Haskell	May 22, 1870, to ————, 1889
Frank W. Pratt	October 23, 1891, to April 1, 1895
Alfred R. Hussey	October 2, 1895, to December, 1898
John H. Applebee	June 6, 1899

*Died while serving as pastor.

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